

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1876.

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THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton. On MONDAY, FEB. 23, and during the Week, the Grand Pantomime, WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will make their reappearance in England. Morning Performances, Monday, Feb. 28, in lieu of Ash Wednesday; and Saturday, March 4. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, A HAPPY MEDIUM. After which, at 8.15, will be performed a New Historical Play, entitled ANNE BOLEYN, written by Tom Taylor, Esq. Anne Boleyn, Miss Neilson, supported by Messrs. Howe, Harcourt, A. Cecil, R. Moore, H. B. Conway, Everil, Matthison, Forbes Robertson, Gordon, Braidy, Weathersby, Allbrook, Elwood, Webster, Rivers; Mesdames Lucy Buckstone, Carlisle, M. Walton, Mellish, Beverley, and B. Henri. New Scenery by J. O'Connor, T. Hall, and G. Morris. Act I., Won; Act II., Wed; Act III., Wronged; Act IV., Doomed. Doors open at 7. Box-office open 10 till 5. No Free List. Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter. Stage Manager, Mr. Howe.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, O'HELLO. Othello, Mr. Henry Irving; Desdemona, Miss Isabel Bateman; and Emilia, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Box-office open 10 till 5. No fees for Booking.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Hare.—LAST WEEKS OF BROKEN HEARTS. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Fairy Play, BROKEN HEARTS. Characters will be played by Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Miss Hollingshead, Mr. Kendal, and Mr. G. W. Anson. Preceded by, at 7.30, A MORNING CALL—Miss Hughes and Mr. C. Kelly; and to conclude with, at 10, A QUIET RUBBER. Mr. Hare, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Herbert, and Miss Plowden. Box-office hours 11 till 5. No fees for booking seats. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. John Huy.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING. (Ash Wednesday excepted).

At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Theresa Valery, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended.—N.B. Morning Performances of "Our Boys" this day (Saturday) and Saturday next, March 4.

Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—On SATURDAY, FEB. 26, and Every Evening until further Notice, at 7, TWO TO ONE—Mr. C. H. Stephenson. At 7.40, the Comedy by C. S. Chetnam, A LESSON IN LOVE—Messrs. H. Cox, J. G. Grahame, and W. H. Vernon; Mesdames Marian Terry, T. Lavis, and Miss Ada Swanborough. At 9.30, CRACKED HEADS—Messrs. E. Terry, H. Cox; Mesdames L. Venne and A. Claude. After which will be produced the Latest Edition of the RIVAL OTHELLOS, written by H. J. Byron.—M. Marius and Mr. E. Terry; Misses A. Claude and M. Jones.

GLOBE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
A new Drama, in Three Acts, entitled JO, adapted from Charles Dickens's "Bleak House." Enormous success of Miss Jennie Lee as Jo. The Misses D. Drummond, Nelly Harris, F. Robertson, K. Lee, and Miss Louise Hibbert; Messrs. Flockton, E. Price, C. Steyne, J. B. Rae, C. Wilnot, and J. P. Burnett. Preceded, at 7.30, by a new and original farce, THE TAILOR MAKES THE MAN. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. Edgar Bruce. Secure your seats at once at the box office or libraries.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—Manager, W. Holland (the People's Caterer).—Second Edition of the Pantomime, JACK THE GIANT KILLER. Special Notice.—It is with the greatest pleasure W. Holland announces that the great favourite burlesque artiste Miss Nelly Power will sustain the character of Jack Every Evening, introducing many New Songs, Sayings, Dances, &c.; also New Harlequinade Cast, by very special desire—Clown, Mr. Harry Taylor; Policeman, E.X.-T.R.A.O.R.D.I.N.A.R.Y., Mr. James Fawn, with a new song, "That'll Pull You Round," written by F. W. Green; music by Sidney Davis, the Musical Director; Pantaloon, Mr. Wattie Brunton; Harlequin, Miss Nelly Moon; Columbine, Miss Susie Vaughan. The Pantomime preceded by a New Musical Farce, written by R. Dodson, Esq., entitled A SCHOOL FOR MUFTS, in which Miss Susie Vaughan, Mrs. Brunton, Mr. Harry Taylor, Mr. Wattie Brunton, and Reeves will appear. The Morning Performances will be continued as usual, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Seats can be booked at any of the West-End or City Libraries; or at the Box-Office of the Theatre, weeks in advance, free of charge. Refreshment Saloons under the especial catering of Charles Holland. Stage Manager, J. F. Doyne. Acting Manager, W. Parker. Secretary, Thomas B. Warne.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.
Production of the great Olympic Drama, CLYTIE, by Joseph Hutton. Miss L. Moodie and original artistes. Last nights of the Harlequinade of the Pantomime. CLYTIE Every Evening, at 7. Conclude with the Harlequinade of the Pantomime, CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. The Paynes and Pantomimists.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—"The cry is still they come!" Crowded houses! The most brilliant Transformation Scene in London. Every Evening (Ash Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, EL FLAMBO; or, the Waters of the Singing Well—Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Fred. Foster, Frederick Marchant, Bigwood, Lewis, Bell, Fox, Pitt, Parry, Hyde; Mdles. Pollie Randall, Summers, Rayner. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe, to conclude with ZELMA; or, an Indian's Love—Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Reeve; Mdles. Bellair, Adams.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Dancing in the New Hall. Every Evening (except Ash Wednesday), at 7, to commence with the Grand Pantomime of SPITZ SPITZ, THE SPIDER CRAB; or, the Sprite of Spitzbergen, written by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and H. Spry. New and elaborate scenery. Music by Oscar H. Barrett. Messrs. Geo. Conquest and his Son, Herbert Campbell, B. Morton, Vincent, &c.; Misses Amy Forrest, Dot Robins, Mathews, Lizzie Claremont, Laura, and Ada Conquest. Clown, R. Inch; Harlequin, W. Osmond; Pantaloon, W. Ash; Columbine, Misses Osmond and Barry. To conclude with THE POLISH JEW. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street,
Oxford-circus.—Enthusiastic reception of the celebrated SKATING Professors, Messrs. French, Harris, and Middle Rose. New Scenes of Equitation and Gymnastics by the eminent artistes. Ludicrous antics by the inimitable J. Bibb, the popular Clown. The whole Entertainment replete with choice novelties at every representation. Doors open at 7, commencing at 7.30. ILLUMINATED MORNING PERFORMANCES on SATURDAY, Feb. 26, and THURSDAY, March 2, when the renowned Skaters will appear. Open at 2, commencing at 2.30. Prices, 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s. N.B.—No Performances on Ash Wednesday, March 1.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE. Last Six Nights—the season positively terminating SATURDAY, MARCH 4—of the Glorious Pantomime and most successful Spectacle in London. EVERY EVENING, at 7, the Grand Pantomime, LADY GODIVA; or, Harlequin St. George and the Dragon and the Seven Champions. Brilliant Scenes in the Arena. Box-Office open daily from 10 till 4. Prices as usual. Only three Morning Performances of the grand pantomime a week—viz., Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, at 1.30.—Sole Proprietors, J. and G. Sanger. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1 (ASH WEDNESDAY) no performance.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—A New First Part, entitled AN INDIAN PUZZLE, by the Brothers A. Beckett. Music by German Reed, New Scenery by George Gordon. SLAVES OF THE RINK, by Mr. Corney Grain, and A SPANISH BOND, EVERY EVENING (except Thursday and Saturday), at 8; Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place, Oxford-circus. Closed next (Ash) Wednesday.

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No fees. No charge for Programmes.

NEW LION HOUSE.—The ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's Park, are OPEN daily (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. The new Lion House contains six Lions, eight Tigers, three Pumas, two Jaguars, and three Leopards. The Sea Lions are fed at 4.30 p.m.

EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—DAILY, at 3 and 8, HAMILTON'S GRAND DIORAMA of the NEW OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA, via Paris, Mont Cenis, Brindisi, and the Suez Canal.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN
LARGE HALL.—Daily at 3 and 8.—In addition to many novelties, the present programme includes Psycho, the world-famed automaton Whist-player; the mystic and oracular tambourine; and Mr. Maskelyne's most recent sensation of floating in the hall over the heads of the audience as high as the lofty dome in the centre of the room. This remarkable feat is accomplished while the gas is burning on the stage, and extra lights surround the body as it steadily makes its aerial flight from and to the stage.
Admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.—W. Morton, Manager.

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FEBRUARY.

Worcester Spring, continued	25	Halverstown	29
Kildare Harriers' Hunt (Ireland)	29		

MARCH.

Sandown Park First Spring	2, 3	Queen's County Hunt (Ireland)	21
Croydon March	7, 8, 9	Liverpool	23, 24, 25
Downpatrick (Ireland)	8, 9	Sandbeck Hunt (Retford)	27
South Wold Hunt (Horncastle)	9	Newport Pagnel	27
Bromley Second Spring	10, 11	Maidstone	27
Grand Military (Rugby)	13	Northampton	28, 29
Rotherfield	13	Crewkerne	28, 29
Newport (Ireland)	14	Curraghmore Hunt (Ireland)	28, 29
Bristol	14, 15, 16	Southdown Hunt (Ringmer)	29
Wye	16	Blankney Hunt	29
Pytchley Hunt	16	Lothians Hunt	30
Kirby Moorside	16	Warwick	30, 31
Swindon	17	Pontefract Spring	30, 31
Royal Artillery (Croydon) S.C.	18	2nd Dragoons Regimental S.C.	31
Lincoln	20, 21, 22		

*A Review of "Sport in Abyssinia," by the Earl of Mayo. "Fair Rosamond," and several other notices of new books are in type and shall appear next week.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1876.

Circular Notes.

THE Philadelphia Exhibition is bound to be "a big thing." According to the *Times* correspondent, "the President has signed the centennial Appropriation Bill with a pen made of a quill from the wing of an American eagle." This circumstance ought to bring Hosea Biglow, or, rather, Birdofredum-Sawin, to the front with an ode. Or, Mr. Beecher.

A novel suggestion is made by the Flaneur of a north-country paper. He objects to indiscriminate smoking in third-class carriages, and—albeit a Tynesider, and to the well-known manner born—he thinks a journey on the Blyth and Tyne Railway would be rendered infinitely more enjoyable if his fellow-passengers were to deny themselves the use of ornamental expletives. In the opinion of our Flaneur, "the oaths with which the smokers emphasise their remarks no one would think of rebuking, unless he filled a post which offers a large sphere of usefulness, but which is yet uncreated—that of chaplain to railway passengers." The suggestion might be realised with advantage elsewhere than on the banks of the coaly Tyne.

South Kensington should lose no time in enlarging the scope of Mr. Buckmaster's mission. By this time everybody who has listened to or read the remarks of that talented lecturer is convinced that beef, mutton, and pork in every form should be included amongst those luxuries of diet which, with such tidbits as Whitstable natives and ortolans of great price, are found only upon the tables of the noble and the great. Mr. B. thrives on pulse and olive oil. He—on the platform, at least—abhors the flesh-pots of Egypt; but he occasionally indulges in pats of butter (of the South Kensington brand), while draughts of milk from the cow are admitted within his system of dietetics. Such being the case, South Kensington should hasten to enlarge his mission. The Professors are at issue as to the existence of "any very decided test whereby you can distinguish the olein and other simple fatty substances of butter from other fats;" and one of the authorities declares "that prosecutions have failed because there is no method of ascertaining the presence of foreign fat in butter." Mr. Buckmaster must discover this test for us. His character as an infallibilist is at stake.

Surely the following story, which we clip from a recent number of the *New York Music Trade Review* is a wicked libel:—"A singer anxious to secure the patronage of the mighty *Herald* critic, whom he knew to be unapproachable in any other way, prepared a splendid menu, with the best wines, and having duly enjoyed the banquet, he ventured to hope that 'everything was settled.' He pounced upon the *Herald* the morning after the performance. Who can describe his horror? Could it be? What! after such a

dinner? O Lord! are there no stones in heaven? If you had only seen the bill! 'What is it all about?' inquired a friend. 'Look!' exclaimed the distressed vocalist, holding a copy of the *Herald* in one hand and the bill in the other. 'Well?' A name was whispered. 'Oh! console yourself,' said the kind friend, 'humanity is not so bad as it seems. You have dined the wrong man!'

Our amusing contemporary *Figaro* is pleased to smile with good-humoured derision at a specimen of the *Daily Telegraph's* peculiar English. We have no objection. Indeed, there is a specimen of *Figaro's* English in the same number which we should probably smile at if we understood it; but we don't. It runs thus:—'Of course, one never expects the *Times* to rise to any dramatic occasion unless connected with the French stage; so it did not surprise one to find there on Tuesday a long criticism of the novelty of the preceding night at the Théâtre Français, and no allusion to the London *première* of the same date.'

Mr. Tupper has written a new drama, "for publication in America during the centennial year, by the author's consignee of copyright." After this introduction it is almost needless for us to observe that the title of the drama is *Washington*, and that its acts are five. Mr. Tupper has already written two five-act plays—namely, *King Alfred* and *Sir Walter Raleigh*; but we never saw them enacted, and must therefore be held guiltless of prejudice in dealing very briefly with *Washington*. "It is expected" by the author "that this play will be produced in America during the present year. It may also be read there by the author during a projected visit." The work "has been a very rapid labour of love, and no indolent outpouring of extemporary fancies." Mr. Tupper conceives that "appropriate music for the overture and entr'actes might be some well managed olio of international tunes, and the dresses must, of course, be of the period." Of course. In the first act *Washington* appears "in his conventional black velvet;" afterwards in the dress and undress uniforms of an American General. "The play being a short one, and every line well considered, the author hopes it will be acted as written, without excisions and insertions." A vain hope, Mr. Tupper, as you will learn if you meet with a manager who knows his business. But *nous verrons*.

There are fifteen characters in the drama—namely, *Washington*, Benjamin or "Ben" Franklin, Patrick Henry, John Adams, Benedict Arnold, the traitor, Marquis La Fayette, Major Andre, the spy, Corporal Thompson, Deacon Eldad, Nathan, a Quaker—obviously—Bishop, *Washington's* body-servant; Timothy, Martha Washington, Mary Arnold, and Rachel, her maid. Act first opens on the quay at Boston, and the second scene of the act "discovers" *Washington* in council, with deputies sitting round and some citizens grouped behind. The burden of the scene, in point of talk, is borne by Franklin, who delivers a speech two pages long, and *Washington*, who holds forth to the extent of three. There are some stirring lines in the latter part of *Washington's* oration—notably,

Can I abjure my country and my King,
Nor feel a *paricide* against a mother?

But we question whether they would tell on the stage, seeing that they are "led up to" by cheers, hurrahs, shouts, ringing of bells, and firing of cannon. There is one short speech, however, which ought to bring down the house. Arnold exclaims,

If George of England steals the rights of man
George of America shall win them back.

"Poor Richard" is, occasionally, quoted in "*Washington*," and the drama is further enlivened by the speeches of the comic Quaker and a mad-woman's attempt to assassinate "George of America." We may have occasion to revert to Mr. Tupper's ambitious and by no means unworthy attempt to produce a national play.

The newest idea in connection with spelling bees is that their scope be extended, and not only the spelling but the meaning of words required. We sincerely hope that no one be allowed to question the signification of his or her own words. Conceive the idea of a sitting member being asked to spell and define "promise"!

FAREWELL DINNER TO MR. ALFRED GEARY.—Mr. Geary, until a comparatively recent date sub-editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, was entertained at dinner, on Thursday week, by a number of his friends. He has been appointed editor of the *Grahamstown Journal*, and the gathering (which took place at the Milford Arms), presided over by Mr. Byron Webber, had been brought about to afford his late colleagues and brethren of the press an opportunity of wishing him "God speed." Mr. William Mackay, of *Vanity Fair* (author of "The Popular Idol," &c.), occupied the vice-chair. The proceedings were throughout characterised by the greatest heartiness. Representatives of most of the leading London journals, as well as a number of artists and actors, were present, every one of whom joined with the utmost earnestness in wishing Mr. Geary success in his new venture. Mr. Geary sailed from Dartmouth for South Africa in the *Walmer Castle* on Wednesday last.

THE FOX CLUB.—The second meeting of the Fox Club will take place at Brooks's Club on the 18th proximo.

THE BEEFSTEAK CLUB.—The list of original members of this club is now closed. The premises in King William-street, Strand, will be opened in the beginning of March.

DUTY ON "PLAYING-CARDS."—It appears from the Inland Revenue returns that the duty of 3d. per pack on playing-cards increased in the last financial year £376. The duty last year produced £12,952.

THE WILDFOWL PRESERVATION BILL.—Mr. Chaplin's measure for the preservation of wildfowl was "introduced" in the House of Commons on Wednesday, but, there being a pressure of Irish business, the "Wildfowl Bill" was, in the language of the House, "talked out."

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation.—Have it in your houses, and use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[Adv't.]

THE ROYAL PADDOCKS.

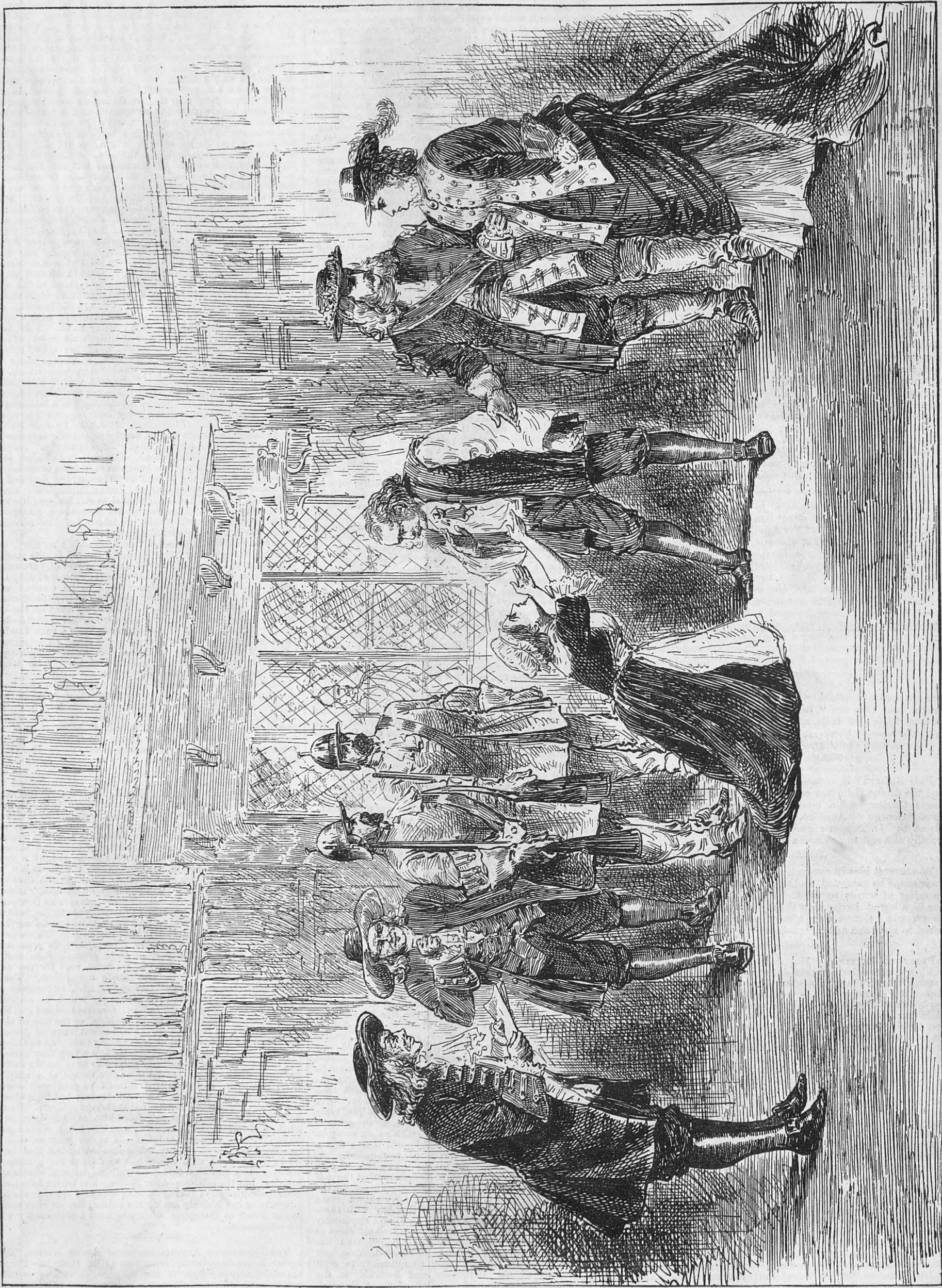
WERE we in the position of commander-in-chief of her Majesty's thoroughbred squadron at Hampton Court our first endeavour would lie in the direction of a "change of front" in the entire establishment, and a commencement *de novo* upon fresh ground. Our Sovereign Lady has plenty of space at her disposal; and if the Royal domain at Hampton has been selected, for many reasons, as the most eligible site for breeding operations, there is ample space in the adjoining park, where new ground might be broken and fresh buildings might be erected, partly out of old materials, at a very moderate cost. We are afraid to say how long the present occupants of the Royal inclosures have been in possession; but it is certain that the stud-farm is one of the oldest of its kind in the kingdom, and has witnessed the rise and downfall of many more pretentious establishments. Owing to these circumstances, the soil has become thoroughly tainted by horses, as is amply evidenced by the appearance and quality of the pasturage, which should have been alternated with sheep and bullocks each year, instead of being subjected to one continual drain upon its resources by the same species of animal. The grass looks rich and luxuriant enough in spring, and its seeming vigour and depth have been adduced as evidence of its excellence; but the eye is deceived by its rankness of growth, which might have been produced in a sewage farm, and in quality it is coarse and sour, with a large admixture of the "couch" character, and is almost entirely deficient in the short, sweet, and succulent undergrowth so conspicuous at Cobham and elsewhere. Various dressings and annual sowings might do a great deal towards its renovation, but the ploughshare seems to be the only remedy of sufficient power to work a thorough change in composition and to bring fresh soil to the surface. Therefore, we advocate a fresh inclosure being taken in from the park, or an exchange of territory with those elegant representatives of the "venison" blood which now couch in its waving ferns, group themselves picturesquely in the avenues and glades, or come down in dappled herds to drink at the classic fountain of Diana. Over and over again in breeding places of modern days, as compared with Hampton Court Paddocks, have we been shown the consequences of tainting small areas, and we have generally found the healthiest and best developed animals upon land where frequent changes of pasture were the order of the day, or where the size of the inclosure was sufficient to override the evils of crowding. Besides, we find animals of every species rejoicing, like man, in "variety, the charm of life;" and, if it be beyond doubt that horses grow weary of the same gallops day by day, in how much greater a degree must they tire of the same feeding-grounds, especially if they are limited in extent. As a step in the right direction, and showing a desire for the disinfection of land now merely productive of quantity instead of quality, we were glad to come across a herd of a couple of score of sable Scots busily engaged in nibbling the "rough stuff" close down to the roots in one of the paddocks, and already making a clearance of some wiry forage in no way fitted for mares having a supply of milk to keep going, nor for the delicate interiors of foals making their first attempts at picking over hard food. A few "courses" of beef and mutton would speedily make a vast difference in the nature of the food produced, but it were better to break fresh ground altogether, and to make a bonfire of the partition palings along with the bramble and elder bushes, which may serve the purpose of picturesqueness in effect, but not the ends of utility. There are now between thirty and forty mares belonging to the place, but many of them are well stricken in years, and, in addition, Mr. Scott has not had the very best of luck with some of the most promising among them. With this number from which to draw supplies, making the very liberal deduction of one third for the chances of barrenness among the matrons and casualties among the foals, at least twenty yearlings should be reckoned upon annually, and, if we recollect aright, this was about the number sent up for sale in the more palmy days of Hampton Court. Owing, however, to the fact that most of the recent acquisitions to the stud are young maiden mares, and in consequence of the fruits of other recent additions not being yet apparent, fifteen will be all that will engage Mr. Tattersall's attention upon the second Saturday in June. Of course, no other sale can be permitted within the Royal precincts than of the stock bred there; and, inasmuch as after-adjourments to the "green" have been, for the most part, signal failures, this very small complement are likely to have the day all to themselves. As a lot they are perhaps slightly superior to those of last year, but there is no great variety among them, and we can hardly anticipate any very spirited bidding for their possession. As we have said of other yearling strings, it is impossible at this time of year to give more than an idea of the merits of yearlings, the sole advantage of such early inspections being that they are running wild and unkempt in their pastures, without any attempt at "making up," and under circumstances when their style of going can be most advantageously criticised. In three months' time they will have put on summer apparel, and a certain amount of "adipose tissue;" but we have long since discovered that walking round a yearling in its box is merely so much time wasted, unless the subsequent order of "bring him out" is cheerfully given and obeyed. Of course, we are among the "same old lot" directly names are begun to be mentioned, and verily the Royal matrons appear to be a long-lived race. Furiosa, Miss Foote, Doralice, Garnish, Lady Ann, Ariadne, Heroine of Lucknow, Braxey, Bradamante, Miss Evelyn, and the like have all the regulation Hampton Court "ring" about them, and have appeared "in the bills" year after year, though, unfortunately not as yet associated with the name of any great winner save the elegant Speculum. What the "united ages" of the most ancient of these tabbies must amount to we leave to some sporting penny-a-liner to calculate, but their places must be filled ere long, and it is high time something more serious than mere "thinking about it" were adopted. Breeding cannot, as a rule, be carried on profitably by picking up a few cheap lots here and there, for though it is not always the most expensive purchases which turn out profitable investments, the produce of well-known mares find a readier market than yearlings obscurely bred from dams having a reputation yet to make. As to the youngsters now at Hampton Court, we may at once state an opinion that the pair which promise best at present are a couple of colts got by the despised Mentmore, most of whose stock have shown some running ability. These are a chestnut and a bay with three white feet, compactly built, with good limbs, and apparently likely to "look in" at some of the early two-year-old races of next year. The first named is from Doralice, who has never yet thrown anything common or coarse-looking, and it was a well-deserved though tardy compliment to send her to the son of old Melbourne and Emerald, in the veins of which last-mentioned founder of the "Baron's" fortunes courses the stout blood of Defence. The bay is out of Lady Ann, and is a clever-looking customer, with plenty of freedom and elasticity of movement. Young Melbourne shows a big bay colt from Furiosa, with rather coarse-looking hocks; and the Touchstone cross has again been selected for him in Inez, one of those gay deceivers, the New-

minster mares. The result is nothing very particular, and not so good as that obtained from yet another fusion of similar blood in Miss Foote, whose colt has plenty of size and substance. These Young Melbourne yearlings are unsatisfactory creatures, and, like strong, sweet wine, should be "put by" and not looked at until they commence to mature, of which indulgence they stand but a poor chance in these days of forcing. The Trumpeter—Garnish colt is small, but very quick looking, built on a light scale, and never likely to grow into a "slashing horse;" but the chances are he gives all his companions the go-by in spring, whatever time may do towards bringing the rest upsides with him later on in the season. Of the fillies we much prefer the chestnut daughter of St. Albans and Ariadne, who has many excellent racing points about her, and should not disgrace herself in the best of company. As for the remainder, we would rather see them again before hazarding an opinion, as it is notorious that yearlings now look at their worst, and a few weeks of sun and dry weather will bring about almost incredible changes. There are one or two backward ones which we did not see, but nothing fresh as regards blood, the home stallions only being represented. A couple of mares had left for Doncaster's paddocks a few days before, and it has been determined to take one subscription apiece to Parmesan and Cremorne, the latter appearing to be an especial fancy of Mr. Scott's. Looking through the boxes, we had the pleasure of an introduction to the first of the Prince Charlies, a strong chestnut colt, with the blaze and white stockings of his sire faithfully reproduced. So far a very satisfactory representative of the "Prince of the T.Y.C.," and out of a Wild Dayrell mare. The wiry-looking Merevale had a bay two days old by the same sire, of very fair promise; and we think this mare is a decided acquisition to the Royal Stud, which is sadly in need of the sort. Punishment, once a well-known member of the Fyfield stable, showed a capital colt foal by Young Melbourne, and in the next box we came across Makeshift, with a sister to Pell Mell, intent upon her midday meal. This is a Voltigeur mare, showing more quality than most of the tribe—in fact, an excellent specimen of her class, though not so fair to look upon as Aunt Sofer, another of those fair but unprofitable daughters of Newminster, with which the good time is always coming. Hetty had visited Toxophilite last season, and a neat filly foal is among the latest arrivals; while Fusee, by Marsyas, one of Lord Alington's, has come to Prince Charlie, with a remarkably knowing and precocious Hermit foal at foot. Livison's chestnut filly by Pell Mell is good enough to induce her owner to repeat the experiment, and there are half a score more of "little strangers" longing for their first day's enlargement. Formosa, beautiful as ever, was the centre of as pretty a group as ever took their leisure in sunny corners, heavy in foal to Winslow, but destined for the more robust attentions of Young Melbourne. Orest, Beadsman, and Co., have so far failed to suit her, and her visit to the young Lord Clifden sire, in his first season, was one of those incomprehensible "fads" in which her late eccentric owner was in the habit of indulging.

Standing in the box sacred to old Orlando's memory, and marking the growing likeness of Trumpeter to his relative Marsyas about the head, we heard with regret of his owner's illness; and, reckoning backwards to that disastrous Derby Day when Danebury and Woodyates had to be content with "looking in" at the finish, discovered how nearly the chestnut was getting out of his "teens." The horse wears well, to a certainty; but it seems in vain to look for another such "flash in the pan" as when Lady Elizabeth and Europa were bowling the Donnington and Badminton hoops along to so merry a tune, and when Trumpeter's name was returned high upon the list of those who had "gone out in honours." St. Albans never looked better than now; but we question if even Springfield (whose dam will be unrepresented in the Royal catalogue this year) will bring the fiery chestnut again into repute, and uncertainty of temper seems to have been the bane of "the stallion's" stock. He came, too, of a delicate race; and, strangely enough, it was to some obscure ailment causing lameness in the knees, which kept continually interrupting the Saint's preparations, and made the stable almost despair with Savernake, while it settled Bridgewater's pretensions altogether. Pell Mell grows very like his sire about the forehead, but there is too much length behind the saddle, causing him to appear short in his quarters, and what with his half moon head, and liberal allowance of daylight under him, Cremorne's attendant home in the Derby is no very taking horse. His good points are well laid shoulders and capital hocks, but somehow we do not care to have him "turned over," and there's metal more attractive to be found through the gateway, where bonnie Prince Charlie neighs a royal welcome from his palace yard. Though Charlie is not yet advertised as "full," his owner is only awaiting the decisions of a few friends, and there will be many on the look out for a stray subscription. Mr. Gee sends some mares from Dewhurst, and there will be few stud farms of importance in England the inclosures of which will not soon be able to reckon among their inmates raking chestnut foals of the Prince's get. We are never likely to fall in with the views of the majority in estimating his success at the stud, though on other grounds than that of his acknowledged infirmity, but we must wait for the slow results of time to settle so delicate a question. Young Melbourne, "comes of age" this spring, and, fortunately for his owner, has not outlived the popularity which he acquired some ten years ago as sire of The Earl. General Peel and Pell Mell were a pair of unfortunate Derby seconds, or the star of their progenitor would be more in the ascendant than at present, when he may be described as doing fairly well. As to Colonel Maude's recent purchase, we consider him a very dear horse at the money, and a most unlikely animal to prop up the falling fortunes of the place. He did some fair things at a mile, in good company, and acquitted himself passing well among horses of inferior class over longer distances; but he is clearly not the description of sire required at Hampton Court. He has very little length and "scope" about him, is sadly deficient in girth, and wanting in substance generally, being neither good to meet nor to follow. A lot of old mares may as well be sacrificed to him as to any other incapable; but that he is likely to go down with the public we do not for a moment believe. It is true that first-class stallions are somewhat scarce articles; but the advisers of her Majesty had better have bided their time instead of taking up with Winslow, who, as the sole property of her Majesty among the better class of sires standing at livery at Hampton, contrasts most unfavourably with his companions.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA has taken Easton Neston, Towcester, Northamptonshire, belonging to Mr. Hesketh. The ex-Queen of Naples, sister of the Empress, is renting another residence on the same estate. A large number of hunters are at present being sent to Easton Neston.

WORDS IN A TOY TERRIER.—"21, East View, Preston, Oct. 26, 1872.—I administered one-third of a 'Naldire's Powder' to my toy terrier, and within half-an-hour he passed a good many worms, some upwards of a foot long.—John Falls, Captain 8th Regiment." Naldire Powders are sold in packets, price 2s., 3s., 6d., 5s., by all Chemists, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon-street, London.—[Adv't.]



SCENE FROM "TOO TRUE," AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE.

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arrangements for his autumn season were published in this and another journal, and caused genuine amusement by continuing to describe that gentleman's Continental movements a week before he took his departure from London. On Wednesday last it gave way to its comic propensities in the following paragraph:—"Now that Mr. Carl Rosa has returned to England (!), it is hoped (by whom?) he will disavow the list of works which it is alleged will form his chief repertory at the Lyceum, and which has been almost unanimously condemned by all who are interested in the subject." This comic weekly is fond of "disavowing," and quite naturally recommends an honourable gentleman, at the head of a great musical enterprise, to "disavow" statements, published by his direct authority, in reference to musical arrangements carefully meditated and heartily approved by musicians and amateurs whose approvals are worth having. We are not aware that any statement has been made to the effect that the novelties and revivals announced by us will be the "chief repertory" of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, which, to our personal knowledge, commands a repertory of more than thirty operas; and it seems to us exceedingly small and disingenuous thus to beg the question for the sake of venting spite. Of the ludicrous blunders which frequently render the musical department of this comic weekly its most comic and weakly feature, we shall not now speak—although we could furnish an appalling collection of them. But when it is insinuated, by the use of such terms as "alleged," &c., that we may possibly be capable of announcing our own inventions as authorised statements, we feel bound to repel the insinuation, no matter how insignificant the channel through which it may be propagated.

* * The Monthly Review of New Music is held over until next week.

DEATH OF MISS CUSHMAN.

Another name of note has been removed from the theatrical roll-call. Miss Charlotte Cushman, the eminent American actress, expired at Boston, in the United States, on Friday morning, the 18th inst., after some six years' intense suffering from cancer. Descended from a Puritan family, Miss Cushman was born at Boston in 1815; and the death of her father, a merchant of that city, leaving her mother with five children entirely dependent on their own exertions, the eldest daughter was forced to employ at an early age what musical ability she possessed. Accordingly, when only fifteen, Miss Cushman sang at a public concert in Boston, her remarkably fine contralto voice attracting much attention. Recommended to try the lyric stage, the young vocalist made her debut at the Tremont Theatre in April, 1835, as the Countess in *The Marriage of Figaro*, and met with a reception so favourable that her engagement as prima donna for the New Orleans Theatre immediately followed. After her arrival at New Orleans her voice became totally unavailable, either through injudicious attempts to extend its compass, or from the effect of change of climate. Although disheartened, her spirit was not crushed; and at the suggestion of Mr. Barton, the tragedian, she appeared for his benefit as Lady Macbeth, achieving a success which caused numerous repetitions of the character. Accepting the engagement as leading stock actress at the Park Theatre, New York, Miss Cushman attained considerable repute as the representative of tragedy heroines; and on her appearance as Nancy Sykes, in a dramatic version of the novel of "Oliver Twist," she was proclaimed an actress of the highest grade. When Mr. Macready visited America, in 1844, Miss Cushman was, at his request, engaged to act with him; and, influenced by his advice, a professional visit to England followed. On Feb. 13, 1845, Miss Cushman made her first appearance in this country, at the Princess's Theatre, as Bianca, in *Fazio*; and, going through the round of her most popular impersonations, extended her engagement to eighty-four nights. The successful actress returned to the American stage in 1850, but came back to England two years later, again making a professional tour through the United States in 1858, and announcing her retirement into private life in 1861.

At the close of the year 1874 Miss Cushman played, however, once more a farewell engagement, and took a final leave of the stage. In her valedictory speech at Booth's Theatre, New York, she said:—"Thrown at an early age into a profession for which I had received no special education, I had been already brought face to face with necessity. I found life sadly real and intensely earnest, and, in my ignorance of other ways of study, I resolved to take therefrom my text and my watchword. To be thoroughly in earnest—intensely in earnest—in all my thoughts and in all my actions, whether in my profession or out of it, became my one single idea; and I honestly believe that herein lies the secret of my success in life." These characteristic words truly illustrated her histrionic career. Her tall, commanding, and even masculine personal appearance entirely unfitted her for the portrayal of the more tender emotions; but in those parts where the softer traits of womanhood are wanting—or, if not extinct, are only fitfully apparent—her impersonations displayed remarkable power and energy. Her private life was such as to secure for her the warmest esteem of a large circle of friends, and among distinguished followers of art in every country Miss Cushman formed her most enduring friendships.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—In consequence of the great success of the amateur performance of *Hamlet*, which took place here a short time ago—in which Mr. F. Harley made his first appearance in the title-role and Miss Maud Branscombe appeared very successfully as Ophelia—it will be repeated, with substantially the same cast, on Thursday next, March 2.

MR. JOHN OWEN'S SUBURBAN COMEDY COMPANY gave a performance at St. George's Hall on Saturday last, and was honoured by a large and appreciative audience. The first piece upon the programme was Mr. Andrew Halliday's serio-comic drama, *The Loving Cup*, excellently played all round. Mr. Frank Walters gave a humorous impersonation of Jack Easy, the philosopher who has a decided objection to work; Mr. F. B. Broad, as Ned Thornton, was satisfactory; while Mr. Holden Bray was thoroughly successful as Mr. Hudson, the innkeeper. Mr. John Owen, who essayed the character of Augustus Fipps, entered thoroughly into the spirit of the part. His acting in the last act, after he has run through his fortune and glad to take the situation as potman at the Angel Inn, where he had spent the bulk of his money, and, to use his own phrase, "literally gone to pot," was especially to be commended. Miss Minnie Owen displayed great feeling as Lucy Leigh, one of the barmaids, and added greatly to her reputation by her excellent rendering of a difficult part. Miss Ada Thomas, as Lizzy Latimer, the other barmaid, acted with great vivacity, and fully earned her share of the applause bestowed upon the performance. Mrs. E. Montague was admirable as Mrs. Driver. *The Merchant of Venice* followed. In this Mr. Day, as Shylock, displayed great histrionic power. Mr. Gunning was the Launcelot, and acted with marked ability. Miss Fowler gave a very careful and intelligent reading of Portia.

Hunting.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS had a capital run on Tuesday last. The meet was at Mr. Lambert's, Denham Court, and, the morning being fine, there was a good field out. At twelve o'clock the deer was uncared, and hung about the park for some time, but ultimately went away for Harefield, doubling back to the park, and next making for Uxbridge, which it skirted; then on to Ruislip, leaving Harefield to the left, through Harefield Park to Baldsworth-heath and Moore Park, being finally taken, after a very satisfactory run of two hours, near Watford. The going was very heavy throughout.

Our Worcester correspondent writes:—"The Earl of Coventry's hounds met on Wednesday at Bransford Station—a favourite meet with this pack—and, being only four miles from Worcester, a large field was at the meet. Bush Hill and the Ash Bed were drawn blank; trotted off to New Coppice, where we found. Broke away at a rattling pace in the direction of Freeze Wood, when he took a ring round for the Old Hills, where he ran to ground. Went down the meadows for Powick, and took him to the Old Hills, where he managed to run to earth. Went to Lord's Wood, and found; brought the varmint down in the direction of Powick, turned again for the Asylum, and on to Lord's Wood, but we failed to kill."

The Kildare Hounds' meet on Tuesday last was at Straffan Bridge. Amongst the ladies and gentlemen present were Captain E. A. Mansfield (Master), the Marquis and Marchioness of Drogheda, the Earl of Clonmel, Lord Cloncurry, the Baron de Robeck and Miss de Robeck, Hon. Charles Bourke, Hon. E. Lawless, Colonel Forster, Mr. Percy and Lady Annette La Touche, Colonel and Mrs. Chaplin, General Seymour and Mrs. Seymour. An excellent day's sport was enjoyed.

We read in the *Northern Whig*:—"An extraordinary incident occurred in a hunting-field in the county of Kildare, on Monday last, with respect to the rights of poor farmers. The county foxhounds met at Cappagh and proceeded to a cover situate upon the farm of a poor man. This man had previously complained of the manner in which the club trespassed on his land. In attempting to stop it on this occasion he had wire woven through and above a fence. A member of the hunt, a military gentleman, taking the fence and not noticing the wire, fell, and his horse rolled over him. Some of the other members at once proceeded to the house of the farmer and beat him severely with their hunting-whips. The farmer received a violent beating, and it is believed the affair will be the subject of an investigation at the petty sessions. The military gentleman was also much injured."

AFTER THE DUEL.

DIED the lord of Audley Manor, leaving one to mourn his loss—One son, heir to goodly acres and the proud name of St. Cross.

Yonder on the painted window shine the arms they won of old, On a field gules, three cross crosslets ranged in pale are charged, of gold.

Now the young heir bids his comrades to the revel of a night; For the feast begins at sundown, ending with the matin light.

Very fair is Avise Maynard, and the Audley gossips say That the young squire boasts a conquest, and brings home a bride one day.

So when in the heat of revel Black Dick Fleming lightly speaks, Boasting of her favours granted, and the rose-hues of her cheeks,

Straight St. Cross arises wrathful, overflashed, perchance, with wine, "Fleming, in thy throat thou liest, daring thus to boast her thine."

Quoth Black Fleming, sternly frowning, "I'll not bandy talk of lies! 'Tis enough that I have said it, and the man who doubts me dies!"

Swiftly, then, flash'd out the rapiers, and the mimic levin play'd From the cluster'd lights above them on each fierce opposing blade.

Fleming wields the deadlier! Ho! a vengeful thrust in carte, And the fatal steel is straightway quivering in St. Cross's heart.

Falls he in the ancient chamber 'mid the portraits of his line, There beside the sparkling goblets, and his blood outvies the wine.

Still the golden crosslets shimmer, charged upon the martial red; But the last who bears that blazon lies beside the banquet—dead! H. SAVILE CLARKE.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales and attended by Miss Knollys and General the Right Hon. Sir William Knollys, was present at an assault of arms by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the brigade of Guards at Chelsea Barracks on Wednesday last.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Sir Francis Goldsmid has presented the Royal Academy of Music with a free scholarship for two years, to be contended for in April next.

THE NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MUSIC.—On Wednesday last a public meeting was held at the Mansion House in aid of this institution, the Lord Mayor presiding, and the Duke of Edinburgh attending to state the claims the new institution at South Kensington has for public support.

THE ARMY ESTIMATES for 1876-7 have been issued. The total for the ensuing year is £15,281,600, showing a net increase over the expiring year of £603,900; but the total is subject to deductions for estimated Exchequer receipts to the amount of £1,292,100, making the net charge for the Army services for 1876-7, £13,989,500. There is an increase of 3603 in the total number of men provided for. The principal increase in expenditure is £179,200 for regimental pay, &c.; £243,000 for warlike and other stores; £47,000 for provisions, transport, &c.; £42,500 for clothing, &c.; £20,800 for volunteer corps, and £10,300 for the Army Reserve.

A FINE STURGEON, more than 6ft long, a present from the directors of the Southport Aquarium Company, has been placed one of the tanks of the Brighton Aquarium in splendid condition.

HORSE.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—In all recent coughs or influenza in horses a cure is guaranteed in a week or ten days. Sold by all Chemists in boxes, eight powders, 2s. 6d. each box, with full directions.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS.—"Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—John Scott.—N.B. The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder, to be had of all Chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[ADVT.]

USEFUL DOGS.

With the exception of sporting dogs, the remainder of the canine race in these islands lead a very idle, and, no doubt for the most part, highly ornamental, but useless life. Facts are stubborn things, and it appears from the Inland Revenue returns that in the year ended Dec. 31, 1874, the dog tax yielded £313,017, against £295,065 in the previous year. The commissioners of the Inland Revenue add in their last report that, in the year ended Dec. 31, 1874, 75,806 more dogs were brought into charge than in the preceding year, making an increase to the revenue of £18,952; but, notwithstanding considerable exertion, "there is still a large number of dogs uncharged." In Belgium and Holland the dog is turned to more profitable pursuits than in this country, as will readily be perceived by a glance at the illustration entitled "Useful Dogs." The breed used for this purpose are a cross between the mastiff and Labrador or Newfoundland dog. At a very early age they are harnessed to toy carts, and soon fall in with the idea of playing at dray-horses. "The greengrocer" of Ghent, unlike his Whitechapel confrere (at present on such intimate terms with Lord Shaftesbury), instead of employing a donkey to draw his barrow, has a sturdy dog, and the same may be said of the "laundresses" and "butchers" in "the lowlands low." These dogs are always muzzled when in work, as they are very jealous of their master's property, and any other member of the canine race approaching their charge would fare but ill were it not so. When at market the owner of these dogs, if oppressed with the dipsomaniac idea of "schnapp-drinking," unharnesses his dog, takes off his muzzle, and places him "on guard" in his barrow. In the neighbourhood of Brussels dogs are largely used in agricultural occupations, and may be seen dragging a roller like horses and ponies do in this country. Taken on the whole, there is no doubt that the members of the canine race in Belgium and Holland are "Useful Dogs."

Correspondence.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SPORT IN CEYLON.

Sir,—Your correspondent's account of "H.R.H.'s Sport in Ceylon," reminds me of a story told of poor Rodgers, of the 00th, who went out to Ceylon about twenty years ago with his regiment, full of health and spirit, and a determination to kill 1000 elephants before returning to England.

"If Mr. Rodgers," said an old Navy lieutenant, "were to shoot 1000 fleas, he would be a good shot and a benefactor to mankind at the same time, but anyone can shoot an elephant. Why, it is like aiming at a barn-door; couldn't miss, Sir." Rodgers, however, had many very narrow escapes; so many, and so hazardous, that the natives at last formed an opinion that the sahib was immortal and bore a charmed life. In fact, he must himself have entertained some such delusion, to judge by the imprudent risks he ran. On one occasion he started, accompanied only by a couple of native servants, and soon fell in with a large bull-elephant with magnificent tusks and courage to match. The first shot wounded but failed to kill him, and a furious charge resulted in the disappearance of the servants with their master's second gun, and the bowling over of our friend. He, however, although much hurt, was able to gather himself together and run for the nearest tree. Then the sport commenced in earnest, the actors having changed parts, the elephant, bleeding freely and mad with pain, chasing our friend from tree to tree. Mr. Rodgers, knowing that a broad and deep river lay not far off, shaped the course of his flight in that direction, and, reaching the bank at last, dropped down the precipitous side, leaving his huge enemy trumpeting with rage and disappointment above. Bruised and stunned, he lay a few minutes and then discovered that the river had shrunk to a narrow stream, leaving a broad margin of dry mud on each side. The sun was scorching, the water far away, and the path to it too much exposed for even such a reckless hunter as he to venture on. To lie there and be baked to death was not a pleasant prospect; but, happily, he saw at a little distance the roots of an immense tree projecting into what had once been the bed of the river. The cavity beneath the overhanging trunk formed a hut of considerable dimensions, and into that he crawled, slowly and painfully. But not a moment too soon; as he had hardly reached the farther side than he spied the elephant coming, at a tolerably quick pace, up the stream. He, too, had studied the topography of the country, and knew a more gentle approach to the river than that taken by his assailant. Nearer and nearer he came, flinging his trunk from side to side and peering into every crevice in the bank in which a man might hide. At last! Oh! moment of agony for the prisoner within, and presumably of triumph and delight for the elephant, the hiding-place was discovered.

The elephant went down on his knees, stretched out his trunk to its utmost limit, while our friend drew himself into the further corner and into the smallest possible space; for, by merely putting out his arm he could have touched the brute's trunk with ease. Maimed and unarmed, the position was not enchanting nor his reflections comforting. All that sultry weary afternoon, our two actors lay and watched each other, the scene only varied by an occasional trip made by the elephant to the water, when each journey showed a diminution of his strength. Where was this to end? thought poor Rodgers, as the setting sun reminded him of the cheery mess-table, for which his brother officers were then assembling at the barracks. There, as dinner proceeded and their missing comrade made no appearance, inquiries were set on foot, eliciting from the servants the news that the sahib had gone out to hunt a great elephant, but had been at last killed in the encounter, they having prudently run away leaving him to the fate he had courted. No time now for dessert and wine! So, marching the unwilling natives before them to the scene of the morning's fray, they followed the tracks of the bleeding elephant, and, in the waning light of an Indian day, came upon the crouching figure of the huge animal mounting guard in front of their comrade's quarters. A couple of shots finished the dying brute, and Rodgers lived to win his wager and to kill more than 1000 elephants. When still young, he was killed by lightning, while standing one night in full uniform at an open doorway; or, as the natives described it "the gods had to send fire from heaven; nothing else could kill the English sahib." A. S. M.

A TROTTING-MATCH for £100, distance five miles, was decided on Wednesday last at the Borough Grounds, Oldham, between Mr. J. Waterhouse's Queen Cotton, 15 hands 3 in.; and Mr. Marsden's Tommy, 14 hands 1 1/2 in.; the betting started at 6 to 4 on the mare, then it changed to evens, but closed at 11 to 10 on her. Queen Cotton, who only broke once, ultimately won by nearly one hundred yards. Time, 16 min 45 sec.

KENDAL GREAT HORSE FAIR.—This fair was held on Tuesday, when there was a large show of horses, principally agricultural. Carriage horses were only a moderate show, and from 280 to 100g was asked by sellers. For good work horses there were plenty of buyers, and high prices were asked, from £60 to £70 being given in some instances.

RACE ON NEWCASTLE TOWN MOOR.—On Monday afternoon a two-mile race took place on the Newcastle Town Moor, between Mr. Bell's Chiverton and Mr. Routledge's Scott's Girl, for £25 a side. A start of a quarter of a mile was conceded to Scottish Girl, who won by nearly the start allowed.

SANDOWN PARK FIRST SPRING MEETING.—Entries for the Sandown Open Hunters' Steeplechase Cup of 100g, to be run for at this meeting on Thursday, March 2, closed and named on Wednesday last.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[ADVT.]

NEW PARIS PLAYS.

"MADAME CAVERLET," BY EMILE AUGIER.

We have in our last few Numbers described in detail some of the latest successes of the Paris stage, including *Les Danicheff* at the Odéon, and *L'Etrangère* of M. Alexandre Dumas at the Théâtre Français; and we now present our readers with an illustration of M. Emile Augier's new comedy at the Vaudeville. *Madame Caverlet* is in four acts, and the plot runs thus: M^{me}. Merson has obtained a judicial separation from her husband, who was dissipating her property, and has taken refuge with a wealthy aunt in Brittany. She has retained her two children in accordance with a decree of the Tribunal, which decided that the wrong was not on her side. She then makes the acquaintance of M. Caverlet, and a deep attachment springs up between them. At last she accompanies him to Switzerland, where they live as man and wife. That situation continues for fifteen years, during which time the children grow up, until the period arrives when she must think of marrying them. Then commences the chastisement of the woman who has disregarded her duty as a wife, and has sacrificed the happiness of her son and daughter to the satisfaction of an illegitimate passion. The families with whom she seeks an alliance recoil before the avowal

she is forced to make of her false position; she contends against what she calls the prejudices of the world; but she is compelled to implore the pardon of her own children, whose career in life she has ruined. Some powerfully pathetic scenes occur here, and the spectator is puzzled to imagine how the difficulty can be escaped from, when the real husband, Merson, arrives to claim one half of a million bequeathed by the old aunt. On condition of receiving what he demands, he gets himself naturalised as a Swiss citizen, and then easily obtains a divorce, leaving his late wife at full liberty to marry Caverlet. The young people, in their turn, being thus rehabilitated, obtain partners for life, and the play terminates. The whole work is nothing else than a long piece of special pleading in favour of divorce, which the French law is strongly opposed to. The language of the play is extremely clear, straightforward, and vigorous. M^{lle}. Rousseil enacts the guilty wife with great power, and Lafontaine Caverlet, whilst St. Germain personates the spendthrift Merson with all the requisite nonchalance of a ne'er-do-well.

A PURE FRENCH PLAY!

One of the Paris correspondents of the *Daily News* writes:—"An important play was performed on Saturday night last at the Théâtre Historique. It is entitled *Les Chevaliers de la*

Patrie, and is written by M. Albert Delpit, an author fast rising into a celebrity as high as that of Augier or Dumas, but of a purer and more enviable kind. M. Delpit is indeed the foremost writer of a new school, which promises an illustrious band of men of genius to France; and his works are noticeably free from that pruriency which for twenty-five years has been considered as a necessary element to literary success. M. Delpit possibly owes something of the wholesome quality of his taste to his education, for he was born at New Orleans in 1849, and resided in the United States as an American citizen almost till the outbreak of the late war, when he became a naturalised French subject, and conducted himself with such extraordinary gallantry before the enemy that his name was repeatedly cited in the orders of the day, and he won the red ribbon of French knighthood at an age when other boys are generally cramming for competitive examinations. At the same time he gained that rare and universally recognised distinction in letters which is nowhere so difficult of attainment as in France. M. Delpit first made his mark among the bright company of wits who contributed to the *Mousquetaire*, a journal conducted by Alexandre Dumas the elder, but his more widely-spread popularity began with a volume of patriotic poetry called 'Invasion,' which went through fifteen editions in six months,



SCENE FROM "MADAME CAVERLET," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, PARIS.

and was crowned by the French Academy. In 1874 he also published 'Le Repentir,' a poem which again carried off the first prize of the Academy, and another such triumph will confer upon him the right to a seat among the 'Immortals' of that august body. Indeed, M. Delpit appears to have seized upon reputation at a bound, like that made by Victor Hugo fifty years ago. His drama of *Jean va-nu-pieds* was played with great success last year, and he is one of the most remarkable writers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and in the *Evénement*. The announcement of a play, therefore, by an author who has created a new style in his art was received with unusual interest, and it now only remains to describe a piece of which the least that can be said is that the writer has had recourse only to legitimate sources of emotion; and that it is characterised by a certain heroic cast of thought that has too long been unheard upon the French stage, but of which there are some symptoms of revival in *La Fille de Roland*, and the noble play under review. *Les Chevaliers de la Patrie* is a grand historical drama in five acts and numerous tableaux. It deals in a bold original way with the main facts of the American war of secession; with the national and domestic incidents which may be fairly assumed to have arisen out of them. The care and attention to costume and scenery with which the play has been produced reflect great credit on the management, and the work promises to become one of the stock pieces of the theatre. Every act is ushered in by a separate overture made

up of a selection of American national airs, and the whole play is really a valuable lesson on the history and institutions of the United States, a lesson the more valuable because it never wearies. The author has especially sought to demonstrate how ardent is the feeling of patriotism among Americans. The *Chevaliers de la Patrie* are Presidents Lincoln, on the one side; General Stonewall Jackson, on the other; and although the sympathies of M. Delpit are apparently with the Southern hero, ample justice is done to his illustrious rival. There is one tableau of Lincoln's reception-room at the White House, which is quite beyond praise; and it is enlivened by a specimen of the shrewd and homely talk of the Northern statesman, which shows that M. Delpit has an intimate knowledge of the springs of action which moved his mind, and of the quaint and kindly modes of expression peculiar to him. The stern religious enthusiasm, the Puritanical austerity, and vehement feelings of men like Stonewall Jackson are also eloquently and even grandly rendered; while many of the well-known dramatic incidents of the war have been reproduced with extremely picturesque effects. The audience witness the cruel death of the great Southern leader, killed through a mistake of his own troops; they are shown the adventurous attempt of Thomas and Fitzpatrick to kidnap Lincoln and take him down south with a wild impossible hope to end the war that way. They see the gallant figure of General Stuart in his fantastic costume and scarlet cloak, followed by the

legendary negro on a white horse; and the whole local colouring of the military spectacle is accurately preserved. Several of the scenes are astonishingly realistic, and a tableau representing the Southern army under canvas is elaborately correct in every detail. Finally, the play reveals the lawlessness and rapine which inevitably resulted from the confusion of the times, and depicts some painful and sorrowful events in social life, which may have well been personally known to the author. He has not even shrunk from delineating the mental characteristics of his personages, many of whom were among the familiar friends of his audience; he reproduces the grotesque songs and dances of the negro, and shows the affectionate and protecting contempt with which the Southern chivalry looked upon their human cattle. When it can be said that M. Delpit has done all this; that he has been able to handle a recent episode of history which still arouses many fierce passions, without shocking the susceptibilities of the partisans of either North or South, it must be admitted that he has satisfactorily performed a very hazardous experiment, and one which has never before resulted in a theatrical success. The gem of the piece is the act in which the supreme agony of Jackson is portrayed after he has received his death-wound; and the language put into the lips of the saintly soldier as he takes leave of life, and foresees the downfall of his cause, is sublime in its vigour and eloquence. The house was crowded with Americans, and it is no small praise to M. Delpit that not an expression of dissent

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A MAIDEN PLATE of 19 sovs the first, and 5 to the second. About two miles.

Mr. C. Gregg's Bell Tinker, aged, 11st	Mr. F. Gregg	1
Mr. J. Spraggett's Camelia, 5 yrs, 11st	Wheeler	2
Lord Maidstone's Red Rover, 6 yrs, 11st	Scheldier	3
Mr. M. E. Williams's Ivanhoe, 6 yrs, 11st	Outlaw	0
Mr. J. Phillips's Uncle Tom, 6 yrs, 11st	Mr. Hathaway	0
Mr. C. Symonds's O.B.I.L., 6 yrs, 11st	H. Sopp	0
Mr. C. M. Howard's Isaac Walton, aged, 11st	Mr. W. J. Owen	0
Mr. J. A. Hay's Roan Niddie, aged, 11st	Mr. W. J. Keats	0
Mr. H. C. Hanbury's Rhoda, aged, 11st (car 11st 6lb)	Owner	0
Mr. W. Puttrill's The Vicar, 6 yrs, 11st	Mr. E. P. Wilson	0

6 to 4 agst Vicar, 4 to 1 agst Isaac Walton, 6 to 1 each agst Ivanhoe and O.B.I.L. After a series of refusals and falls Bell Tinker came in alone. Ivanhoe fell at the brook the second time round, broke his back, and was destroyed. An objection was made, the objector alleging that the horses had not gone the proper course. The objection was entertained by Lord Coventry and other stewards at the close of the racing, and overruled.

A SCURRY STEEPLECHASE, with a Purse added; catch weights, but not less than 11st.

Mr. Dodson's Bloodshed, 6 yrs	Mr. E. P. Wilson	1
Mr. Halford's Great Eastern, 5 yrs	Fox	0
Mr. Hanbury's Rhoda, aged	H. Sopp	0
Lord Maidstone's Queen, aged	Scheldier	0
Mr. Topham's Moonshine, aged	Whale	0
Mr. Chichester's Queen Mab, 6 yrs	M. Archer	0

5 to 4 on Bloodshed, 2 to 1 agst Great Eastern, 6 to 1 agst any other. Bloodshed came in alone, all the others pulling up; Great Eastern fell.

DONCASTER HUNT MEETING.

MONDAY, FEB. 21.

The CHAMPAGNE PLATE (Handicap) of 80 sovs. Two miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. T. Honecastle's b m Gratinaka, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb	Heslop	1
Mr. G. W. Morris's Licorice, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb	Elliott	2
Mr. W. R. Marshall's Jutland, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb	Mr. Shaw	3
Mr. G. W. Morris's Idle Boy, 5 yrs, 10st 6lb	Colman	0
Mr. Acklam's Lady Gosling, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb	T. Cunningham	0
Mr. G. Oliver's Rock Rose, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb	Railton	0
Mr. R. Howett's Houblon, 5 yrs, 12st	Mr. W. H. Johnstone	0
Mr. H. Hall's Preceptor, 6 yrs, 11st 1lb	Fox	0
Mr. W. Longstaff's Jackdaw, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb	Steele	0

4 to 1 agst Lady Gosling, 5 to 1 each agst Houblon, Gratinaka, and Jutland, 6 to 1 agst Licorice, 8 to 1 agst Idle Boy. Won by half a dozen lengths; ten lengths divided second and third; Idle Boy was fourth, and Lady Gosling fifth.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' STEEPLECHASE of 3 sovs each, with 30 sovs added. About two miles and a half.

Mr. T. Spence's b g Windfall, aged, 11st 2lb (£30)	T. Cunningham	1
Hon. E. Willoughby's Langar (h-b), aged, 11st 9lb (£60)	Owner	2
Mr. W. H. Johnstone's Groby, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb (£30)	Owner	3
Mr. Stabler's Padwick, aged, 11st 2lb (£30)	Bland	0
Mr. T. Wilkinson's Supplement, aged, 11st 2lb (£30)	Fox	0
Mr. C. Stance's Dexton, aged, 11st 9lb (£60)	Mr. Shaw	0

2 to 1 agst Windfall, 3 to 1 agst Langar, 100 to 80 agst Groby, 7 to 1 agst Supplement. Won by a couple of lengths; half a dozen lengths divided second and third.

The FITZWILLIAM HURDLE-RACE PLATE of 50 sovs. St. Leger Course, over seven hurdles.

Mr. R. Danby's b g Minar, aged, 12st 5lb	Mr. Spence	1
Mr. J. T. Machin's Vanity, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb	M'Cormack	2
Mr. Onley's gr g Talleyrand, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb	Mr. Shaw	3
Mr. A. H. Smith-Barry's Burnham, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb	Major	0
Mr. Brockton's Maid of Honour, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb	Owner	0
Mr. T. Honecastle's Rose of York, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb	Heslop	0
Mr. F. Cartwright's Northbrook, aged, 11st 12lb	Owner	0
Mr. T. Everatt's Little John, aged, 11st 12lb	Mr. R. Walker	0

5 to 4 on Minar, 5 to 1 agst Maid of Honour, 7 to 1 agst Rose of York, 10 to 1 agst any other. Won easily by half-a-dozen lengths; a length separated the second and third.

The GRAND MILITARY HUNT CUP (in specie), value 50 sovs. About three miles.

Hon. E. Willoughby's b m Shepherdess, aged, 13st 3lb	Owner	1
Lord Torphichen's b g Fiddle, aged, 13st 3lb	Mr. Johnstone	2

2 to 1 on Fiddle. Won by eight lengths.

The DONCASTER HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 50 sovs added. About three miles.

Mr. J. Stephenson's b g Jack, aged, 12st 7lb	J. Cunningham	1
Mr. A. H. Smith-Barry's b m Elmina, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb	Major	2
Mr. T. Honecastle's Promise, aged, 10st 10lb	Heslop	3
Mr. T. Green's Rhapsodist, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (inc 7lb ex)	Elliott	0

5 to 4 agst Elmina, 2 to 1 agst Rhapsodist, and 4 to 1 agst Jack. Won easily by four lengths; a bad third.

The CORPORATION PLATE of 5 sovs each, with 40 sovs added. Two miles on the flat.

Mr. J. E. Davy's Speculation, aged, 11st 7lb	Mr. G. Walker	1
Mr. J. Martin's The Swan, aged, 13st 3lb	Mr. Johnstone	2
Mr. J. M. Brook's Burford, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr. Davenport	3
Lord Clayton's Golden Dream, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb	Owner	0
Lord B. Paget's Boanerges, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr. Crawshaw	0
Mr. Stephenson's Miss Webster, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr. Simpson	0
Mr. John Houghton's Verity, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr. Brockton	0
Mr. H. Savile's g by Skirmisher, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb	Mr. Spence	0
Mr. G. Nelson's Goldfinder, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb (car 12st 5lb)	Owner	0
Mr. R. Walker's Churchman, aged, 11st 7lb	Mr. W. Walker	0
Mr. Onley's Talleyrand, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr. Shaw	0

11 to 8 on The Swan, 6 to 1 agst Burford, 10 to 1 agst Boanerges, 100 to 8 agst each of the others. Won by a length, which distance separated second and third.

TUESDAY, FEB. 22.

The BADSWORTH HALL PLATE of 100 sovs. Two miles, on the flat.		
Mr. T. Holmes's ch g Arthur, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr. T. Spence	1
Mr. J. M. Brooks's Burford, 6 yrs, 12st	Mr. Davenport	2
Mr. J. E. Davy's b g Speculation, aged, 13st	Mr. G. Walker	3
Lord Torphichen's Alcione, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr. Johnstone	0
Mr. F. Pursey's Serio-Comic, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr. T. Price	0
Mr. G. Simpson's Chance, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	Owner	0
Mr. John Houghton's Verity, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr. Brockton	0
Mr. Clayton's Golden Dream, 4 yrs, 11st	Owner	0
Mr. Doncaster's Rameses, 4 yrs, 11st	Mr. M'Cormick	0

7 to 4 agst Arthur, 3 to 1 agst Burford, 7 to 1 each agst Verity and Speculation. Won by a length; a bad third.

The STEWARDS' HURDLE-RACE of 3 sovs each, with 30 sovs added. One mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Mr. T. Spence's b g Windfall, aged, 11st 2lb (£30)	T. Cunningham	1
Mr. Melbourne's ch m Dundrum, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb (£50)	Mr. Cooke	2
Mr. Nelson's m by Wamba, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb (£30)	Mr. R. Walker	3
Mr. T. Green's Blast, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb (£50)	Mr. Crawshaw	0
Mr. Honecastle's Rose of York, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb (£50)	Heslop	0
Mr. T. Wilkinson's Supplement, aged, 11st 2lb (£30)	Fox	0
Mr. W. H. Johnstone's Groby, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb (£30)	Owner	0

2 to 1 agst Blast, 3 to 1 agst Rose of York, 5 to 1 agst Windfall. Won by four lengths; five lengths between second and third. Winner bought in for 90s.

The STAPLETON PARK STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 60 added. About three miles.

Mr. T. Hone's Merrythorn, 6 yrs, 10st 9lb (car 10st 7lb)	Mr. Baldwin	1
Mr. W. R. Brockton's b g Marmion, aged, 13st	Owner	2
Mr. H. Robertson's b m Sultana, aged, 13st 2lb	E. Ryan	3
Mr. Vyner's Trespasser, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb	Mr. Couchman	0
Mr. Stubbs's The Cure, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb	T. Cunningham	0
Mr. Onley's Talleyrand, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb	Manby	0
Mr. R. Walker's Churchman, aged, 11st 12lb	Owner	0

6 to 4 agst Marmion, 5 to 1 agst Merrythorn, 6 to 1 agst Sultana, 100 to 15 agst Churchman, 20 to 1 (at first 5 to 2) agst Trespasser. Won by four lengths; five lengths divided second and third. Winner bought in for 140s.

UNITED HUNT STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 30 sovs added. About two miles and a half.

Mr. Oxley's b g Panopolite, aged, 12st 7lb	Hon. E. Willoughby	1
Mr. Davy's b g Gaddy, 5 yrs, 12st	Owner	2
Captain Inge's Lady Shirley, 5 yrs, 12st	Chambers	3
Mr. J. Quickfall's The Robber, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb	Mr. Brockton	0
Mr. J. Hope's Young Doctor, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb	Mr. Wood	0
Mr. A. H. Smith-Barry's Burnham, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb	Major	0
Mr. T. Hone's Clarissa, 4 yrs, 11st 1lb	Mr. Baldwin	0

5 to 4 agst Burnham, 6 to 1 agst Clarissa, 100 to 15 agst The Robber, 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by three parts of a length; six lengths separated second and third.

YORKSHIRE HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 60 added. About three miles and a half.

Mr. C. A. Egerton's St. Aubyn, aged, 12st 2lb	Major	1
Mr. J. Stephenson's Jack, aged, 13st (inc 7lb ex)	T. Cunningham	2
Mr. R. Howett's Houblon, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb	Fox	0
Mr. G. W. Morris's Idle Boy, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb	Colman	0

6 to 4 agst Jack, 7 to 4 agst St. Aubyn, 5 to 1 agst any other. Won by half a dozen lengths. Houblon and Idle Boy fell.

STREATHAM RACES.

TUESDAY, FEB. 22.

A SELLING STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 40 sovs. About two miles and a half.

Mr. Greenwood's Edward, aged, 12st (£50)	L'Anson	1
Mr. Digby's Sunny, aged, 12st (£50)	Murphy	2
Mr. Murieta's Firewood, 5 years, 11st 5lb (£50)	Levet	3
Mr. Thomson's Beaufort, 4 yrs, 10st (£50)	W. Stephens	4
Mr. Lill's b g by Man-at-Arms, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (£100)	Barlow	0
Mr. James Best's Adina, 6 yrs, 12st (£50)	Lawrence	0

7 to 4 agst Edward and Sunny, 6 to 1 agst any other (offered). Won by five lengths; a bad third.

The STREATHAM OPEN HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 10 sovs each for runners, with 70 sovs added. About three miles.

Mr. A. Yates's Diamond, aged, 12st 4lb	Owner	1
Mr. Jesse Winfield's Birdcatcher, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb	J. Adams	2
Mr. G. Bracher's Tapestry, aged, 11st	J. Nurdin	0
Mr. H. Hobson's Lord Colney, aged, 10st 12lb	R. L'Anson	0

6 to 5 agst Birdcatcher, 6 to 4 agst Diamond. Won by six lengths.

A SELLING HURDLE-RACE of 5 sovs each, with 30 added. One mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles.

Mr. G. Jarvis's Noyre Tauren, aged, 12st (£40)	Murphy	1
Mr. A. Yates's Brunswick, aged, 12st (£40)	Owner	2
Mr. Edwards's Decoy, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb (£40)	Little	3
Mr. H. Hobson's Strong-I-th-Arm, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb (£40)	0	
Mr. John Searle's Miss Collingham, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb (£40)	0	
Mr. Burton's Patrick, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb (£40)	0	
Mr. G. Weaver's Shy Girl, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb (£40)	Hardcastle	0

2 to 1 agst Patrick, 4 to 1 agst Noyre Tauren, 5 to 1 agst Shy Girl. Won by ten lengths; a bad third.

A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft (to the fund), with 25 sovs added. Two miles.

Mr. T. Smith's b m Gazelle, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb	Mr. Flutter	1
Lord C. I. Ker's The Duck, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb (car 11st 9lb) (£100)	Owner	2

100 to 8 on Gazelle, who won by ten lengths.

The MITCHAM HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, 2 ft (to the fund), with 40 sovs added. One mile and three-quarters, over seven flights of hurdles.

Mr. Jesse Winfield's Peep o' Day, 4 yrs, 11st 9lb	J. Adams	1
Mr. Fowler's Comte de Chambord, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	Penfold	2
Mr. Joyce's Gamekeeper, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb	R. L'Anson	3
Duke of Montrose's Whinyard, aged, 12st	Killick	4
Mr. F. G. Hume's b g Redworth, 6 yrs, 12st	Barry	5

Even on Peep o' Day, 4 to 1 agst Comte de Chambord, 5 to 1 agst Gamekeeper, 6 to 1 agst Whinyard. Won by five lengths; eight lengths between second and third.

The MAIDEN HURDLE-RACE PLATE was declared void.

WEDNESDAY.

A SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE-RACE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft, with 30 sovs added. One mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles.

Mr. A. Yates's Brunswick, aged, 11st 12lb	Owner	1
Mr. G. Jarvis's Noyre Tauren, aged, 12st 7lb	Murphy	2
Mr. George Weaver's Shy Girl, 5 yrs, 11st	Hardcastle	3
Mr. A. Wheeler's b m Duranda, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb	H. Wheeler	4

5 to 4 agst Noyre Tauren, 5 to 2 agst Shy Girl, 7 to 2 agst Brunswick, 8 to 1 agst Duranda. Won easily by four lengths; two lengths separated second and third.

The NORBURGH HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft (to the fund), with 50 added. About two miles and a half.

Mr. Jesse Winfield's Birdcatcher, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb	R. L'Anson	1
Mr. A. Poole's Hilarity, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb	Hales	2
Mr. G. Brasher's Tapestry, aged, 11st 3lb	Nurdin	3
Mr. G. Gower's Minnie (late Eltham Lass), 5 yrs, 10st	Little	0

100 to 60 on Birdcatcher, 5 to 2 agst Hilarity, 100 to 8 each agst others. Won by twenty lengths; four lengths divided second and third. Minnie fell.

A HANDICAP HURDLE-RACE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft (to the fund), with 40 added. One mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles.

Mr. W. A. Joyce's Gamekeeper, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb	R. L'Anson	1
Mr. Fowler's Comte de Chambord, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	Penfold	2
Mr. S. Savage's Industry, aged, 11st 9lb	G. Lowe	3

2 to 1 on Gamekeeper, 4 to 1 agst Industry, 5 to 1 agst Comte de Chambord. Won by ten lengths; a bad third.

A SELLING HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft, with 30 sovs added. Two miles.

Mr. A. Yates's Brunswick, aged, 12st 2lb	Owner	1
Mr. Digby's Sunny, aged, 12st 7lb	Murphy	2
Mr. John Bambridge's Firewood, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb	A. Allen	3
Mr. R. Lill's b g by Man-at-Arms-Fusee, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb	Bint	0
Captain Otway's Eccentricity, 6 yrs, 10st 9lb	Lacy	0

5 to 4 agst Sunny, 9 to 4 agst Brunswick, 5 to 1 agst Firewood. Won by half a dozen lengths; a bad third.

A MAIDEN STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 50 sovs. Two miles.

Mr. H. Hobson's Lord Colney, aged, 13st	R. L'Anson w. o.	1
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Lord Colney walked over under protest, the question at issue being whether the management were justified in withholding the stakes or not.

A HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE was declared void.

NEWBRIDGE (IRELAND) STEEPLECHASES.

MONDAY, FEB. 21.

Results:—Newbridge Harriers' Hunt Cup: Shock, by Atherstone out of Emotion (Mr. John Beasley), first; Hazlewood, second; Exeter third. Seven ran. Won easily. New Purchase (Mr. W. Murray) won, but was disqualified for a cross. Kidare Handicap Steeplechase: June Wine, by Claret out of Scots Grey's dam (Almack), first; Peter Simple, second; Bellissima, third. Eight ran. Won by five lengths. Military Steeplechase: Salamis, by Solon out of Gazelle (Captain Bates), first; Gamecock, second. Six ran. Won by three lengths. Maiden Plate: Bron, by Lozenge out of Andromache (G. Gray), first; Haynestown Lass, second; Pincushion, third. Seven ran. Won easily by three lengths; bad third. Great Connell Handicap: Alba, by Artillery out of Irritation (S. Fleming), first; Miss Theo, second; Mountain Lad, third. Four ran. Won cleverly by a length and a half.

AUTEUIL STEEPLECHASES.

FIRST DAY, SUNDAY, FEB. 20.

Although rain fell heavily during the morning the afternoon was fine, and a good day's racing resulted, as follows:—Prix d'Auteuil Steeplechase: Mr. J. Page's Duguesne, by Pace out of Mlle. Duchesne (Edwards), first; Mlle. de la Tiblere, second; Discretion (late Empress Eugénie), third. Won by five lengths; half a length between second and third. La Victoire fell, broke her leg, and was destroyed. Prix d'Essai (Hurdle-race): Count de Clermont-Tonnerre's Young Blason, by Blason out of Bonnelle (Godard), first; Triboulet, second. Only these ran. Prix d'Hiver Steeplechase: M. Maurice W.'s Viechnou, by Le Sarrazin out of Valerie (Summers), first; Mascara, second; Duguesne, third. Six ran. Won by half a length; three lengths between second and third. Prix de Tribunes (Hurdle-race): M. Widdington's Dunette, by Dollar out of Bouton de Rose (Edwards), first; Amiral, second; Triboulet, third. Four ran. Won by a length and a half; two lengths between second and third. The second day's racing takes place on Sunday next, Feb. 27.

ACCEPTANCES FOR THE SPRING HANDICAPS.

LINCOLN SPRING MEETING.

MONDAY, MARCH 20.

The BAITHYANY STAKES (Handicap) of 300 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each. Six furlongs. 34 subs.

9 0 Modena, aged	7 0 Harry Bluff, 4 yrs	6 1 St. Estephe, 3 yrs
8 8 Instantly, 6 yrs	10 Herbertstown, 4 yrs	6 0 Pluton, 3 yrs
8 6 Poursubmit, 4 yrs	10 Lady Clifton, 4 yrs	6 0 C by The Miner—
8 6 Slumber, 5 yrs	10 Brigg Boy, 3 yrs	Stolen Moments
8 2 Lady Atholstone, 4	6 9 Gold Mohur, 4 yrs	3 yrs
1 1 Middle Temple, 6y	7 6 Gem of Gems, 3 yrs	6 0 C by Blair Athol—
8 0 Strathaven, 4 yrs	6 4 Barge, 3 yrs	Circe, 3 yrs
7 13 Garterly Bell, 4 yrs	6 3 Electra, 3 yrs	5 13 Lady Malden, 3 yrs
7 9 Ursula, 4 yrs	6 2 Baumber, 3 yrs	5 11 Bendigo, 3 yrs
7 8 Athelney, aged	6 2 Goddess, 3 yrs	5 9 Bridget, 3 yrs
7 5 Decorator, 5 yrs	6 2 Sweet Verbena, 4 yrs	5 8 Seyid

Our Captious Critic.

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of dramatic criticism! That I should labour on week after week with unflagging energy and unexampled intelligence to correct the faults of the British stage is not extraordinary, for I am devoted to the theatrical profession. But that my labours should have so little result is most strange and unnatural. I console myself, however, in the reflection that if I have not reformed the modern theatre it is because the modern theatre will not be reformed at any price, or else assuredly my articles had worked that reformation. When I am dead and gone the public, doubtless, will do tardy justice



Mr. W. H. Payne

to my merits by the erection of marble monuments and costly sarcophagi. But what care I for posthumous fame? There is more joy in my heart over one bad actor that repenteth during my lifetime than over the whole nine hundred and ninety-nine who remain in the wilderness. But I must not grow pathetic. Already my tears are blotting the page, and the printer will consign me to sulphurous depths.

I made a sort of promise that I would notice each of the pantomimes of the season severally and particularly. Of course, I never meant to keep that promise. Everyone knows that my word is valueless. Notwithstanding, I must confess that I feel somewhat to blame, inasmuch as, while I have at considerable length set forth the attractions of one or two of the more prominent pantomimes, I have altogether neglected to notice the more remote ones, several of which are quite as good, and as bad, as those that I have done the honour of elaborately criticising.

At the Standard *The Children in the Wood* is quite as amusing as anything to be seen nearer west. It is chiefly supported by the clever Payne family, who are, in truth, the only living representatives of the old school of pantomimists. Between them they are sufficient to support any pantomime. The parent, Mr. W. H. Payne, has, indeed, a peculiar genius for devising comic "business;" and he has trained up his children in the way they should go through it, so that they are unfailing in their efforts to provoke mirth by grotesque gesture and expression. Another attraction in the Standard pantomime is Miss Jenny Beauclerc. This pretty young lady acts and dances with a very considerable deal of grace and talent. She reminded me of the inimitable Nelly Farren. The scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass is very good.

To tell the truth, I did not go to the Standard with the object of seeing the pantomime. I was informed of a skating-rink, which I was told had been opened in connection with that theatre. I went thither to see it. It would be easy for me to describe how I witnessed there Mr. William Sykes, Nancy, and Fagin on wheels; but it so happened that when I arrived at the place I found only the workmen, who were busily engaged in laying down the concrete flooring. However, I found the pantomime very amusing, and was much cheered to see the audience largely supplied with children, whose merry laughter warmed my ancient heart. (Song here, "I would I were a boy again.")



"Apotheosis of the Peoples Caterer."

Another, on my part, long-neglected pantomime, I have been to witness this week—the Marylebone. It deals with the story of the amorous frog who would go a-wooing in the face of all the dreadful examples of dire misery which have resulted from following the same path. The lily-white duck came on and punctually gobbled him up. But, like the prophet who was for a such a considerable period under the diaphragm of a whale, and yet survived to be a blessing and credit to his generation, so does the misguided froggy in the Marylebone pantomime, after residing for a short period in the duck's interior, reappear safe and sound. His safety, how-



Fred Payne - flourish

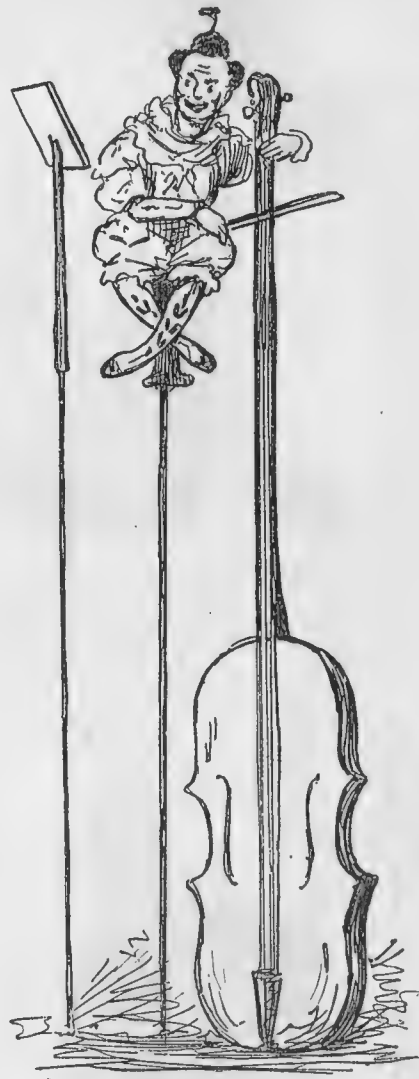
ever, is only secured by fairy agency, which, let us hope, will always protect those whose worst fault is going a-wooing. The transformation-scene at the Marylebone is very good, and (as the critics say) reflects great credit upon the artist, Mr. Grimani. When I last saw pantomime at the Marylebone that theatre was under the management of Mr. J. A. Cave. I am glad to see by the bill that he has not altogether ceased his connection with it. I am sorry, on the other hand, that he has left the Alhambra. Why did he do so? Was he not moral enough for that abode of purity and virtue?

There was a crowded audience at the Marylebone the night

I visited it. The able and courteous manager, Mr. West, was called vociferously. Mr. Skinner, Miss Burlette, Miss Rainbow, and the other actors and actresses displayed much spirit and vivacity (I think these are the correct phrases to use when one's invention is at its lowest ebb), and the whole entertainment passed off with great éclat.

I declare I am scarcely worth my salt this week (as the saying is). But when I inform you that I have been undergoing severe affliction you will, I am sure, forgive me. I shall tell you all about it. I have been informed that several acting managers do not approve of my style of writing. And I am quite broken-hearted because of it.

I learn that Mr. J. C. Williamson has arrived in London, and is going to produce his celebrated American drama, *Struck Me*, at the Adelphi. It remains to be proved how far an



Harry Payne's New Violincello!

English audience will appreciate or understand a drama dependent so much upon local characteristics as this one is said to be. But, however that may eventuate, I wish Mr. Williamson success, because he met a dear friend of the "Captious Critic," the other day, on the top of one of the Pyramids in Egypt, where the two of them sat for an hour abusing your obedient servant.

Shooting Notes.

THE SHADY SIDE OF PIGEON-SHOOTING.

THAT pigeon-shooting has taken a fast and firm hold upon the sporting minds of the inhabitants of this effete and "jaded" old country no one who ever goes much amongst either the country squirearchy or the ignoble vulgus can doubt for an instant. Rook and rabbit shooting and an odd day in the "preserves" are the staple amusements for lovers of the gun, and always will be what may be called the *crème de la crème* of the *chasse au fusil*; but the *Tir aux Columbes* affords a *chic* opportunity for gentlemen of all classes to exhibit their prowess with the gun which has become quite a furore of late years. The supply of pigeons having been exhausted at the tir on the lawn of some ancient baronial residence, the noisy and filthy starlings which frequent the "shrubby," and the mischievous sparrows from the rick-yard (having been taken in a "bat-net" the previous evening), are dragged in to do "target" duty for the assembled parish magnates. The sapient Herodotus was wont to remark "that as we learned from others so they learned from us;" and, as our aristocracy inherit the desire to "practise the art of venerie" (even at pigeons) from their noble ancestry, we may presume that the lower orders, who "go in" for "five-bob sweeps" at the "Pig and Whistle," only "copy their betters," as the saying is. After all, "what's sport for Jack is sport for his master," and if the devotees of pigeon-shooting, gentle and simple, confined themselves only to the practice of the art for the purpose of proving who had the best gun and who was the best shot, there would be no harm done. We even do not object to seeing small "stakes" put down "just to pay for the birds, &c." What we do object to is the "shady side of pigeon-shooting." A little anecdote will illustrate our meaning. Captain Bogardus (Champion Wing Shot of America) came over here, as he expressed it, "to challenge any man to shoot against him at pigeons, with or without money stakes being put down." Well, as we all know, he polished off the crack pigeon-shots of this country in a manner worthy of all praise; but, after one of these great matches, his opponent bet him "fifty pounds he

laid against their winning the Waterloo Cup:—Donald 1000 to 15, Cigarette 1000 to 9, Huron 1000 to 8, Surprise 1000 to 10, Ben Barr 1000 to 10, True Blue 1000 to 8, Corby Castle 1000 to 25, Sister Mary 1000 to 5, Lord Glendyne 1000 to 20, Alice Kelly 1000 to 15, Sherwood Daisy 1000 to 5, The Squatter and Diligent 1000 to 15 each. Such a "ragged lot" I never remember to have occupied the position they did; and even after Donald had won three courses 1000 to 30 was freely offered against him, such a certainty was it regarded that his kennel companion Honeymoon would beat him in the fourth round. Caledonia, who represented Mr. R. Paterson, was the first of the favourites who was beaten, and this was followed in rapid succession by the defeats of such fancied candidates as My Aunt Souter, Hematite, Funds, Suspense, King David, Sophist, Palmerston, Donegal, Greenburne, and Handel. In the second round the "fancied division" was further reduced by the overthrow of Handicraft, Sam Wyllie, Inspector, Bearwood, and Hawthorn; and, with the exception of Handicraft and Suspense, all those enumerated cut up badly in their efforts in either the Purse or Plate. King David, it should be mentioned, was found to be amiss after the first day, and could not take part in the Purse contest, which may account for his ignominious display when beaten easily by Belle of England. Honeymoon certainly did not run so steadily, although victorious in her first three courses, as I have seen her, and when she bowled over the clever Scotch bitch, Lucetta, she was somewhat fortunate, as her smart opponent was unlucky enough to fall just after she had got well placed and was scoring rapidly. Her defeat of Handicraft was her best performance; but although Donald undoubtedly won as the course was run, it was by one point only, and was a very unsatisfactory trial for Honeymoon. That she is immeasurably his superior all those associated with the pair agree, and that she would beat him five times out of six I have not the slightest doubt. Notwithstanding her unsteadiness she created such a favourable impression that, although she had still three courses to run before again carrying off the Waterloo Cup, odds of 5 to 4 were positively laid on her repeating her last year's victory. Considering the many eventualities in coursing, especially over the Altcar ditches, when hares diverge from their original line in the most sudden and unexpected manner, thereby throwing out the good dog, and often enabling the inferior greyhound to prove victorious, to lay odds on Honeymoon with three courses to win was simply ridiculous; but at the same time it enabled those who had invested on her to hedge their money on the most advantageous terms. The only genuine bit of excitement throughout the meeting was when Donald defeated Honeymoon; but that quickly subsided, and with her overthrow what little public interest there was in the contest died out. Donald, although a fourth-season dog, ran with all the fire and resolution of a puppy; but he is more of the persevering and resolute sort than a brilliant runner, and his appearance also bears out these characteristics, as he is more of the rough and ready kind than the elegance and truthful symmetry we usually expect to find in high-class greyhounds. He was extremely lucky in his fifth course, when he defeated Huron, as the last named would certainly have beaten him but for the hare continually favouring him. Huron is a very young puppy, and I fully expect him to turn out a "Waterlooper" of the first water, should all go well with him, as he goes a rare pace, possesses smart working abilities, exactly suited to Altcar, and is one of the gamest greyhounds I ever saw, a quality he especially demonstrated when he put out the Irish dog, Surprise, in the third round. Huron is the property of the Duke of Hamilton, whose first attempt it was in a Waterloo Cup, and I trust the bold front displayed by his representative will induce his Grace to become a powerful patron of the leash, and that he will back a nomination next year. Lord Glendyne, who won the Waterloo plate last year, again displayed his partiality for the Lancashire country, but he was somewhat lucky in being the runner up, for he was, I thought, beaten by both Dick McGraith and Banker in his second and third courses. In his two next essays, however, he ran remarkably well, defeating Corby Castle and The Squatter very handsomely; but Donald made a sad example of him in the last course, for, although the Irish dog was lame when put into the slips, he defeated the Scotch representative almost pointlessly in one of the best trials I ever saw to decide a Waterloo Cup. The Squatter may be regarded as the luckiest dog in the stake to get into the last four, as his first four courses were very short indeed, and all put together would not have been anything more than an average trial. When opposed to Lord Glendyne on the last day, he was showing pace in the run-up, but, after scoring the first turn, he ran very badly indeed, rushing about in the wildest manner imaginable. He is, however, a June puppy, and, with increased age, he may be expected to steady down. His great pace will always render him a dangerous customer to beat; but he will never win a Waterloo Cup, or get into the last four again, if he cannot work smarter and closer. The Irish were especially formidable, for, in addition to the ultimate winner, Donald, there were Honeymoon and Alice Kelly hailing from the Emerald Isle left in the last eight. Alice Kelly is an exceedingly smart and clever greyhound, but hardly fast enough to get through a Waterloo Cup, although she never throws away a chance, and put out several faster ones by her superior working qualities. Wellingtonia ran through the Purse in the most brilliant fashion; and it was lucky for the winner of the Cup that she was put out in her first course by Lucetta, as she improved immensely in her next spin. Suspense, the runner-up, also ran well; but I thought, from where I stood, that Bit of Shamrock defeated her very easily in the fourth round of the Purse on the last day. As some recompense for the disappointment experienced with Hematite, Mr. Hornby was credited with the Plate by the aid of his smart bitch Handicraft, who is really a good greyhound, and greatly superior to her ungainly-running kennel companion, whose chance was so much thought of for the Waterloo Cup. Both Honeymoon and Donald have changed hands, Mr. W. H. Clark, the eminent greyhound breeder, purchasing last year's heroine for £500, while the hero of this season's "Dog Derby" has been bought by Dr. Dougal for £300. As he is now in his fourth season, and cannot be expected to run again before another commences, he is not likely to win a great stake for his new owner; of course, he will be valuable as a stud dog. Mr. Clark bought Honeymoon before the Waterloo Cup contest commenced, but she was not to become his property until after it was over; and, as a proof of what he thinks about her defeat being a very unlucky one, I may state that he intends running her next year if she is well, notwithstanding she will have had a litter of puppies in the meantime. After she was beaten he backed her outright at 4000 to 200 to win next year's Waterloo Cup, and accepted 5000 to 500 and 1500 to 100 about his own nomination, besides betting an even £500 that Honeymoon started a greater favourite next season than she did this time, when her taking price was 11 to 2. These transactions are significant as to what such an eminent courser thinks about Honeymoon; and, although she failed to quite realise my expectations and win the Waterloo Cup, my judgment in giving her the preference over all the others was not disgraced.

BRIGADIER.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS received from E. G. B., A. Chandler, II. Warren, Polly W., J. C. G., I. S. T., E. C., and Hotspur. W. C. Bowyer.—The last position sent is a considerable improvement, and, if sound, shall have a place shortly. A. J. S.—Apply to Mr. Walker, the hon. sec., 74, Ludgate-hill. MARYLAND.—The whole analysis of the variation given in the English Handbook is obsolete. The book was published nearly thirty years ago, and chess theory has made great strides since that time.

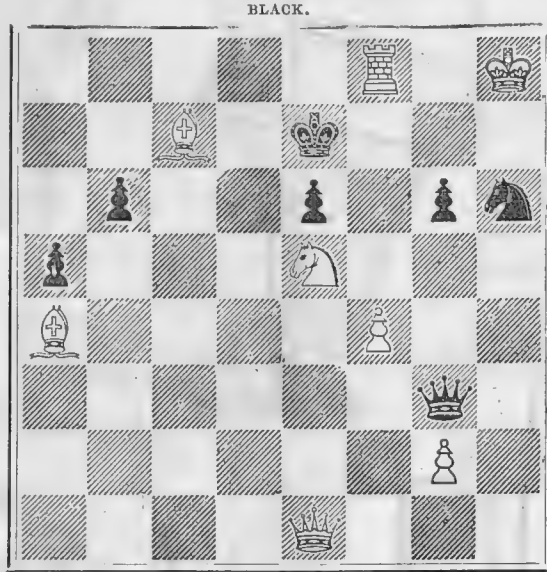
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 87.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE
1. Q to K2 K moves 2. Q, R, or Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 88.

By Mr. W. GREENWOOD.

(From the Chess-Players' Chronicle.)



White to play, and mate in two moves.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. STEINITZ AND BLACKBURNE.
The following was the opening Game in this contest.

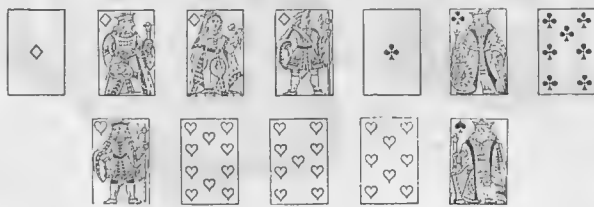
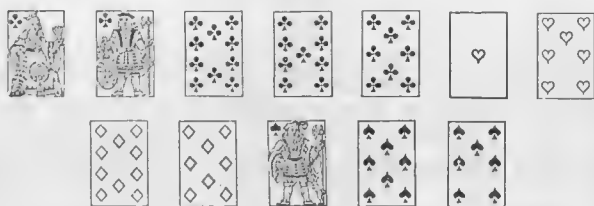
(Ruy Lopez' Knight's Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K4	P to K4	17. Castles (Q R)	P to Q B4
2. Kt to K B3	Kt to Q B3	18. P to Q4	K P takes Q P
3. B to Q Kt5	P to Q R3	19. P takes P	P to Q B5 (e)
4. B to Q R4	Kt to K B3	20. P to Q5	Kt to B2
5. P to Q3	P to Q3 (a)	21. Q to Q2	P to Q B4
6. P to Q B3 (b)	B to K2	22. B to Q4	P to K B3
7. P to K R3	Castles	23. Q to R6	P to Q Kt5
8. Q to K2	Kt to K sq	24. P to K Kt5	P to K B4
9. P to K Kt4	P to Q Kt4	25. B to K B6	Q to K B2
10. B to Q B2	B to Q Kt2 (c)	26. P takes P	P takes P
11. Q Kt to Q2	Q to Q2	27. P to Kt6 (f)	Q takes P
12. Kt to K B sq	Kt to Q sq	28. B takes Kt	Q takes Q
13. Kt to K3	Kt to K3	29. B takes Q	R to K B3
14. Kt to K B5	P to K Kt3 (d)	30. K R to Kt sq (ch)	R to Kt3
15. Kt takes B (ch)	Q takes Kt	31. B takes R (ch),	and wins.
16. B to K3	Kt to Kt2		

(a) His best reply, we believe; though 5. B to Q B4 can be played without any marked disadvantage.
(b) The usual course is B takes Kt (ch), for the purpose of doubling the Pawns on the Queen's side.
(c) This appears to us to be a futile move. As a matter of fact, the Bishop remains useless on this square until the end of the game.
(d) Here we should have preferred retreating the Bishop again to Q B sq.
(e) It was subsequently pointed out that P to Q4 would have been much more effective; as, if White replied with P takes Q P, Black could rejoice with Kt to K B5.
(f) This is conclusive, do what Black may.

Piquet.

The following instructive hand at Piquet is from actual play.

Score:
Elder Hand (A) 36.
Younger Hand (B) 86.A
ELDER HAND.Discard: Hearts—Knave, 10, 9, and 8. Club—7.
Take in: Spades—Ace, Queen, and 10. Heart—King. Diamond—9.B
YOUNGER HAND.Discard: Spades—8, 7. Heart—7.
Take in: Heart—Queen. Spade—9. Diamond—7.

It is evident that B's quint in Clubs is good against anything, and he has, therefore, only to make one trick to win the game.
The game proceeds thus. A calls his point of Five, which is good; he then calls his quart, which B declares to be "not good." A now sees that his only hope of winning the game is by obtaining a capot, and his only chance of effecting this is by "sinking" his King of Hearts. Instead, therefore, of calling fourteen Kings, he calls three Aces and three Kings, and, in reply to his adversary's demand, states that he does not count the King of Hearts. The score, therefore, stands—

Elder Hand: 36+Point of 5+3 Aces+3 Kings=47.
Younger Hand: 84+Quint in Clubs=99.

THE PLAY:—A leads off his Diamonds, Spades and Clubs, and B, presuming that his opponent is void in Hearts, discards both Ace and Queen of the suit, whereupon A plays his King of Hearts, and makes 13 by cards, and a capot—40, which wins the game.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CARDS.

T. HALL.—If two players only are standing, you must lead the higher of the two trumps; if more than two are standing it is optional.

Athletic Sports.

ATHLETICS are now in full swing at both Universities, half a dozen meetings having been decided since my last. At Oxford Brasenose opened proceedings at Marston, when that society—one of the first to ever hold sports at Oxford—had a very successful meeting, although nothing remarkable took place in performances, the principal feature being the 300-Yards Strangers' Handicap, which, however, proved a mere canter for Barnes, of Oriel, who had fifteen yards' start. Magdalen devoted two days to their meeting, and I regret to state that the weather was most unfavourable on both days. All round, the form shown was quite up to the average of college meetings, and in the final heat of the Strangers' 100-Yards Handicap some grand racing took place, which must have produced a sensation in the heart of the handicapper which he does not often experience. M. Shearman, of St. John's, 3½ yards' start, obtained the verdict by three inches from Bowman, of Exeter, who had 7 yards; time, 10sec. St. John's commenced their sports on Wednesday, when for the first time a Tug-of-War competition took place. Shearman scored most wins, his best performance being that of putting the weight 32ft 2in. As the programme is not concluded, however, at the time of writing, I must leave further remarks—than that Solly, of Magdalen, with 26 yards start, won the Strangers' Quarter by six inches from Westmacott, Exeter, 28 yards, who in turn beat J. Shearman, Thames H. and H., 13 yards, by a foot, in 50 4-5th sec—until next week. Last Friday the season was commenced at Feunier's by Magdalen, who occupied Feunier's on that day, when there was a rare muster of the "talent," a trio of dark blues putting in an appearance for the Strangers' One-mile Handicap, and although two of them, A. Goodwyn, of Jesus, and Winter, of Keble, were placed at scratch, they fairly lost their opponents, finishing as named in the good time of 10min 16 1-5 sec. G. A. Williams, a Freshman, took the lion's share of the members' events. Corpus were to the fore on Saturday, but nothing of any importance took place, and the Strangers' Quarter was entirely spoilt, owing to the fact of Williams, of Trinity Hall, being indulged with such an absurd start as 30 yards, and of course he won in a canter. On Wednesday Trinity Hall commenced their annual two-days' meeting, when E. R. Hodson made a very fair leap of 5ft 3in; but further remarks I must leave over until my next, as the programme is not completed. I see that one of the chosen few who form that body of immaculate athletes who never do anything worse than turning gas out at railway stations, ducking their legal advisers, and gambling at "nap," to disqualify them from being amateur gentlemen—I beg their pardon, gentlemen amateurs—has again been venting his spleen in a contemporary; but, as he seldom or ever speaks the entire truth, although he generally steers clear of a direct lie, I don't think it worth while to advertise either the journal he contributes to or he himself. No doubt he was suffering from an attack of bile caused by having to keep awake (?) during a twenty-four hours' walk. I am informed that the Inter-University sports are to be held on Friday, April 7, the day preceding the boat-race.

Just as everything seemed to be going on in a highly satisfactory manner with the Oxford eight, coaching from the bank became almost a matter of impossibility, owing to the sudden flood which took place last week. It stands to reason that a crew accustomed to a light-weight coxswain must to a great measure be somewhat thrown out of their usual form when, in the place of a man who scales under 8st, they have in the stern-sheets of the boat their mentor who, in all likelihood, pulls down the beam with even 12st against him. The towing-path at Oxford being inaccessible, Mr. Sherwood had to discard his "nag" and act in the double capacity of coxswain and coach. Notwithstanding this drawback, the crew have shown a marked degree of improvement, and I am glad to say that there seems but little chance of any further changes in the constitution of the eight taking place. Mitchison and Boustead have once more changed seats at No. 4 and No. 5, and the boat appears to travel more evenly since the alteration, which I trust may be considered as final. Already I notice that the race has been made the means of speculation (if any reliance whatever may be placed in the quotations of the betting which appears in the dailies), odds of 9 to 4 being taken and offered on Oxford. If the race, which is fixed for April 8, is not to resolve itself into simply a procession of boats, as was the case last year, I must say that these odds strike me as excessive. On the two last days of the past week the Oxford crew accepted an invitation to visit Eton, they being the guests of Mr. Warre, one of the masters at the college, he himself being an old "Oxford eight" man. Under his supervision, they had two days' practice on the Thames in the neighbourhood of the Royal demesne at Windsor; and on their return to Oxford I am informed that everyone who saw them row after their brief visit was surprised at the great change for the better manifest both in style and pace. Like their opponents, the crew go into strict training on Wednesday next, Ash Wednesday. Last week I stated that the details of the varied shifts and changes in the Cambridge boat were positively sickening, and I have the greatest pain in repeating the same old tale. At one time we are told that Rhodes will row stroke, at another that he will occupy No. 7 thwart, and then, to pile up the agony, it is reported that it is not settled if he will row at all. This state of doubt and uncertainty can have but one result, and that is to give the supporters of the Light Blue crew anything but encouragement as to the final result of the race. If, as I darkly hinted, the spirit of favouritism is to have more weight than the selection of the best men at the disposal of the powers that be at the head of boating affairs in the Cambridge University Boat Club, the sooner the general body of boating men rise en masse against the tyranny of a clique the better. Turning from this really unpleasant subject, it is really with pleasure that I notice that there is a chance (I use the word advisedly) of another championship four-oared race on the Thames, Bagnall, Nicholson, Chambers, and Boyd, of the Tyne, having challenged Spencer, Thomas, Green, and Higgins, of the Thames, with or without coxswains, for £200 a side. The challengers offer to take £30 expenses to row on the Thames. James Taylor, of Newcastle, also offers to match Joe Sadler and Lumsden to row a pair-oared race against Bagnall and Boyd, provided the latter will stake £150 to £100. Before leaving Newcastle last week, the champion, Joe Sadler, had a handsome testimonial presented to him in the shape of a purse of gold "as a mark of appreciation of his uprightness and honesty, as well as an indication of the respect in which he was held by his professional brethren and friends in the north." No one, I am certain, will begrudge Sadler this gift; on the contrary, many will join with me in congratulating him.

The principal attraction in the football world since my last has been the Association tie on Saturday last between Oxford University and Old Etonians at the Surrey Cricket Club Ground, Kennington-oval, when, to the astonishment of a numerous company and to my horror, the team from the banks of the Isis were defeated by one goal to one. Oxford lost the toss, and Rawson, therefore, kicked off for them with

the wind and sun in their faces; and almost immediately Eton obtained a corner kick, which was intrusted to Bonsor, but he failed to score the goal. Parry and Denton then made a good run for Oxford, supported by Metcalfe and Otter, which enabled the dark blues to threaten their opponents' goal, Bain all but getting the ball between the posts; but the Old Etonians, admirably represented, more especially by the Hon. A. Lyttelton, soon got the leather into neutral ground, and at half time nothing had been scored by either side. Within six minutes of the call of time, Eton, however, scored a goal, and, although Oxford all but equalised matters, the ball once striking the cross-bar of the Etonian fortress, it rebounded into play, and was carried away again into neutral country. On Monday, at the Oval, the final tie for the Inter-Hospital Challenge Cup, between St. George's and University, was played, and, despite the unfavourable state of the weather, there was a rare company, Alford kicking off for 'Varsity at 2.55. After repeated scrimmages, St. George's fairly bore their opponents down, and Collins, with a fine long kick, compelled Francis to touch-down for University. Soon after the kick out, St. George's had to follow their opponents' example; but after this they had all the best of it, and eventually won by one try and five touch-downs to a touch-down.

Sheffield met Glasgow for the third time on Saturday last, the venue being the Bramall-lane Grounds, Sheffield, and the home team suffered defeat by two goals to none. Sheffield having lost the toss, their captain, J. C. Clegg, kicked off against a strong wind, and this enabled Glasgow to carry the ball dangerously near their opponents' goal; Carr, however, kept goal grandly and repeatedly, but at length, after some twenty minutes' play, Kennedy passed the ball to Andrews, and the latter passed it through the posts. Some grand runs on both sides followed, Sheffield playing up most gamely, and once Orton all but scored a goal for the home team. At half time ends were changed; but, the wind having dropped considerably, the Glasgow were not so obstructed as their opponents were, and the ball repeatedly changed positions. Shortly before the call of time, after a sharp bully, a direct kick sent the ball in a bee line for the Sheffield goal, and, although Carr dashed at it, he only caused it to cannon against Andrews's legs and rebound into goal. Glasgow undoubtedly owe their victory to a superior generalship, acting more in a body and less individually than their opponents. Many other matches were decided on Saturday; Herts Rangers played Harrow Chequers at Watford, the result being a draw with two goals each; Royal School of Mines, at Battersea Park, defeated Walthamstow by three tries and two touch-downs to one try and two touch-downs; Clapham Rovers beat Old Cheltonians at Alexandra Palace by three goals and two tries to two tries; 1st Surrey Rifles beat Saxons by six goals to one; Gresham beat Hawks; and Westminster School defeated Charterhouse, after a splendid struggle, by one goal to nothing, the Carthusians having a disputed goal, which was not allowed. I am obliged to omit notice of a great many matches, as otherwise I should have room for nothing else.

In billiards the feature of the past week has been the match in which John Roberts, jun., the champion, conceded 300 points in 1000 to W. Timbrell, for 300 sovereigns a side, on an ordinary table by Cox and Yeman, and the champion won by no fewer than 237 points, having scored his 1000 in two hours and three minutes. Play was very uninteresting at the commencement, but at 52 Roberts put in 68 (10 spots) and 77, which enabled him to get much closer to his opponent, whose best essay had up to this point been 37. Roberts seemed now fairly set, and in rapid succession he scored 100 all round, 107 (30 spots), and 99 (32 spots), these causing the full game at the interval to be called Roberts 654, Timbrell 521. Having rested twenty minutes, the players again appeared. Timbrell made 48 (13 spots), which was his largest essay, and then Roberts contributed 73 (16 spots). From this point, I need merely mention that the best runs were—Roberts 78, 37, and 25, Timbrell 39, 32, and 36. The veteran Oxford Jonathan filled the offices of marking and calling the game with his usual care, and Tom Steuart "spotted" the red and attended to the rest.

Those old opponents, W. Moss and W. Fielding, played 1000 up, Moss receiving 50 points' start, for £100, at Cotton Waste Dealer's Exchange, Manchester, on Saturday evening, and Fielding was defeated by eighty-one. Next Tuesday Tom Taylor and Alfred Bennett play 1000 up even, for £200, on a championship table, at the Cambridge Hall, Newman-street; and on March 17 the champion takes a benefit at St. James's Hall, when, in conjunction with Tom Taylor, he plays Cook and Stanley 1000 up even.

That grand exponent of bicycling, "Dave" Stanton, took a benefit at the Agricultural Hall previously to his departure from England for the "States" to ride against Messenger, when the beneficiary rode fifty miles against five trotting horses, to come up alternately. Master Tom, driven by Pea, first appeared in a sulky, and he was followed in turn by No Name, Blucher, Maid of All Work, Daisy, after which No Name and Master Tom came on a second time; but the course is not adapted for trotters, and the thunders of applause caused the animals to "break" repeatedly. Stanton won easily, completing his first 52 laps in 28min 50sec, 104 in 57min 3sec, 208 in 1h 56min 37sec, 325 in 3h 5min 28sec, that distance being afterwards found to

be exactly 3 miles 5 furlongs 120 yards short of the fifty miles.

I am requested to correct a mistake which appeared in last week's ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS with regard to Edward Payson Weston, the American pedestrian. He was born at Providence, Rhode Island, and not at Litchfield, Connecticut, as stated. The error was not my own, but arose from the information kindly given me by the representative of the *American Traveller*. Not satisfied, apparently, with his second feat of walking for 48 hours, Weston, on Tuesday night, commenced the self-imposed task of walking for 75 hours. He had as an opponent Rowell, a well-known waterman, of Cambridge, who could make the best of his way—i.e., run or walk when and as he chose. As the match is now progressing I shall not enter into details. Let it suffice to say that Weston (that marvel of human endurance) had, from eight o'clock on Tuesday evening to a quarter past eleven on Wednesday night, walked 116 miles; while Rowell (who retired for a rest at 9.20) had traversed exactly 100 miles. I shall give an account of the finish next week. EXON.

THE CHAMPION LIAR.

One evening when the winter blasts moaned sadly across the street corners, and the captains of the ferry-boats wore anxious looks, seven or eight vessel owners and "laid up" lake captains sat around a cheerful base burner in a saloon near the river. After the usual amount of growling about the weather, one of them told a story. There might have been an ounce of truth in it, but the crowd felt certain that the one ounce was offset by twenty-four pounds of the "awfullest kind" of lying. Therefore a second man told a story to beat it, and then a third man beat the second. When the fourth man started out he said,

"Gentlemen, I have also seen tough times. When I was sailing the schooner Fortune, forty years ago, two of us were swept overboard in a storm on Lake Erie one black night. A hatch cover went with us, and it so happened that we both clutched it. It was not large enough to support two. I was captain—he a sailor; I had a family—he had none. I shouted to him to quit his hold, and when he would not, I reached over, clutched his throat, and held on till his fingers loosened, and he went to the bottom of the lake! It was twenty miles off Point Betsey, and with a shrill, wild shriek, which yet lingers in my ears, the poor wretch went to his death! May the Lord forgive me!"

With his chair tilted against the wall, a lanky, sunflowerish chap had been nodding his head right and left, as if sleeping. As the captain's narrative was concluded the stranger rose up and solemnly said,

"I am that man!"

The crowd looked at him in astonishment, and he continued,

"I landed on Point Betsey next morning in time for breakfast, and I swore a solemn oath that I'd lick you for choking me if I had to live a hundred years to do it!"

"You can't be the man," replied the captain, looking suspiciously at the fellow's big fists;

"it was forty years ago."

"I know it was; and for forty years I have been aching to lick you out of your boots!"

The captain had lied, but he didn't want to own it, and he said,

"That sailor's name was Dick Rice."

"Kerrect!" bowed the stranger; "that's my name!"

"But he was taller than you."

"Being in the water so long that night I shrunk just a foot!" was the cool rejoinder.

"Well, I know you can't be the man," said the captain.

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He sailed in and upset the captain, but was then set upon by the whole crowd. He got into the eye of the wind and hung there for a time, but presently he paid off a little, got the wind on his quarter, and went at it to lick ten times his weight in old liars. He was a very ambitious man, and those who could get out doors got out, and those who couldn't offered him a gallon of whisky to come to anchor. He furled his sails on this understanding and as he set his glass down for the third drink he wiped his bleeding ear and remarked,

"When a man tries to sacrifice me in order to save himself he don't know who he's fooling with!"

He was the biggest liar of them all, but he made the most out of it.—*Lake Erie Thunderbolt.*

Julius Caesar continues on his triumphant course at Booth's Theatre without the slightest diminution in popular favour or patronage. A New York contemporary says:—"The arrangements are now almost completed to stage off the engagement of Mr. E. A. Sothorn until April, which, if not accomplished, would interfere with the presentation of *Julius Caesar* for the intended one hundred consecutive times."

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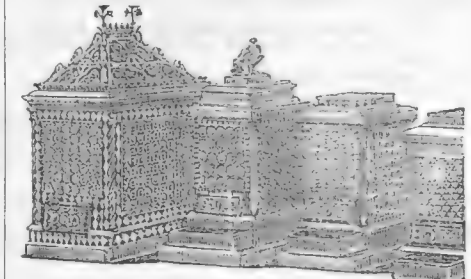
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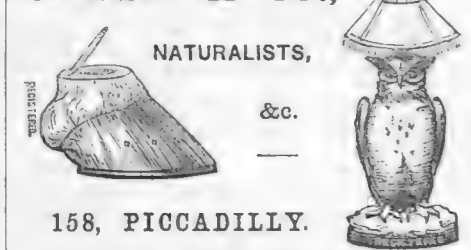
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MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give NOTICE that, in consequence of the increased demand for Stalls, the **THURSDAY SALES** will COMMENCE EARLIER this Year than usual. The first Thursday's Sale will be held on March 2, for which immediate application for stalls should be made. The Stalls are nearly all booked for Monday's sales in April, May, and June. Albert-gate, Jan. 29, 1876.

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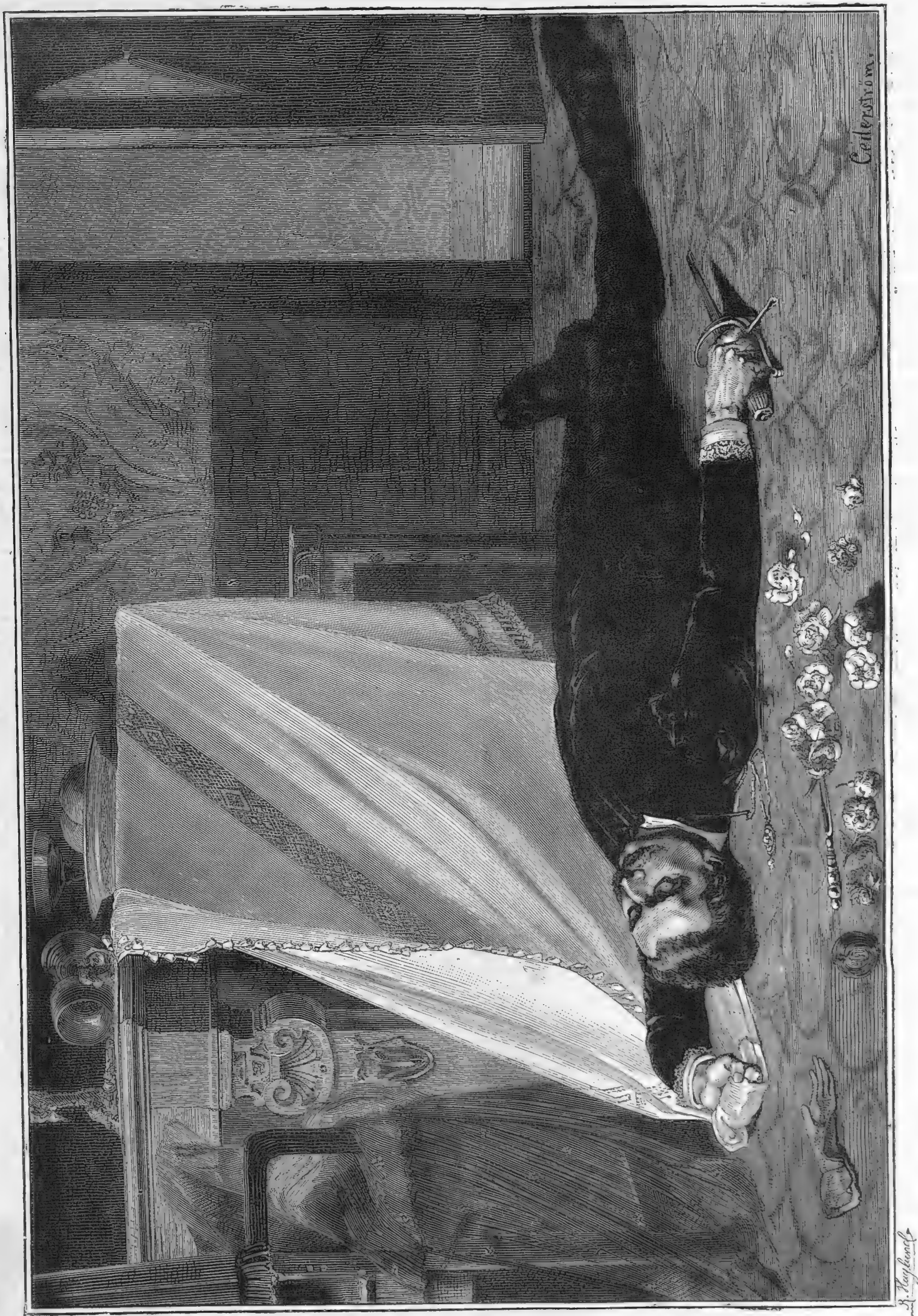
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AFTER THE DUEL.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1876.

FROM certain racing statistics published in the Irish Calendar, it would appear that, notwithstanding all the tall talk about the prosperity of the turf across St. George's Channel, matters are not quite so flourishing as the sanguine Hibernian would have them to appear. Fewer horses have contended for smaller amount of stakes than has been the case for the past six years. The returns include steeplechases as well as flat races, so that they afford a very comprehensive view of the present "state of Denmark." We hope there is nothing especially "rotten" about it; but it does seem strange that, while racing in England is making strong headway after the temporary check received a few years ago, the tide of prosperity should be retiring from the sporting shores of the sister isle. The falling off as regards horses (speaking, of course, numerically) is manifest not only in the grand total of performers across the flat or over a country, but in every column of figures giving the animals of various ages which have performed during the past year. There is a falling off among two, three, and four year olds, as well as in the "five and upwards" department; and, without going into wearisome detail, we may state broadly that over one hundred horses less than last year "took silk" for the various encounters in Ireland. The greatest decrease appears to be amongst the aged horses, from which fact we may, perhaps, gather that steeplechasing has been less extensively patronised than formerly; but the diminution of one eighth in the grand total is rather ominous, more especially as the tendency during the five preceding years has evidently been in the direction of an increase. The year 1871 has been the most prosperous, when about 950 horses came to the post, or a majority of no less than 180 over the numbers which have been returned as representing the effective thoroughbred strength of Ireland in 1875.

Nor is it alone in horses that the falling off is perceptible (for this might possibly be due to exceptional causes), but the amount competed for was also less than in preceding years. Nearly £4000 must be deducted from the financial returns of 1874 to bring it down to a level with the figures of its successor. Here, again, we find a diminution of about one eighth, so that the difference, both as regards numbers

of horses and amounts of stakes credited to them, is proportionate. Perhaps, as Paddy would say, a greater quantity of horses is bound to yield a larger amount of stakes, but in any case the accuracy of the figures can hardly be disputed, as they most certainly would be if the statistics were issued from London instead of Dublin. Slight fluctuations in this sort of Irish stock might betoken no harm, but so considerable a fall (or shall we say an "Irish rise"?) has provoked comment from other pens besides our own, though we have seen no satisfactory explanation of the circumstances which have brought about the change. There did not appear to be any serious deterioration of sport at the Curragh, whatever might have been the failings at Punchestown; and, according to Irish organs, sport in the Green Isle was never in a more flourishing condition in respect of both men and money. It could hardly have been that Erin's hundred missing steeds were upon English soil, spoiling the spoilers of Ireland and making the model British racehorses bite the dust, for Hollywood and Co. might almost be looked upon in the light of affiliated members of our equine community. And, with the fear of a myriad of shillelaghs flourished in our eyes, shall we dare to account for the diminution in stakes by the merest whisper of English successes achieved upon Irish courses? The name of Princess Bon-bon is, we hear, "only mentioned with curses and tears" in that distracted country whose two-year-olds are all "first flowers of the earth and first gems of the sea."

Perhaps we may discover a clue to these signs of declining turf prosperity in a paragraph which follows close upon the heels of the statistics to which we have referred. It is there stated that "about 135 foals have been returned as bred in Ireland," and adds that, while 49 of these are engaged, 86, or nearly double that number, are without engagements. If this be true of the year just past, we may reasonably conclude that much the same state of things has existed in previous seasons, so it would appear that a large proportion of yearlings bred in Ireland are not considered worth entering in the various stakes for two-year-olds, though they may be put in training with an eye to later events. This immense disproportion between the numbers saddled with engagements and those not so burdened is difficult of comprehension to English sportsmen and breeders, who, though they may occasionally be induced to make a backward or unpromising yearling responsible for no engagements whatever, for the most part enter their youngsters in various events according to their promise. The question thus naturally arises, why is it that occupation is found for so few Irish-bred foals in comparison with those raised in this country? Some of the most valuable stakes run for on the Curragh are confined to two-year-olds, and we are at a loss to perceive what can be the inducement for keeping the majority of juveniles at home, eating the corn of idleness, seeing that there is no Derby in prospect for which it might be deemed expedient to husband their strength. Some few may be specially schooled for steeplechasing, but there must exist a considerable remnant which never enters into public life at all, and of which it is difficult to conjecture the final destination, unless it be the shafts of an Irish car or a life of slavery at the plough-tail.

The real source of deterioration in the Irish thoroughbred, and the consequent decay of the Irish turf, we are inclined to attribute to the wretched system on which breeding is now conducted across St. George's Channel. At the risk of drawing down upon our heads the fervent malediction of Irish racing optimists, and of rekindling ancient grievances, we again assert that, so long as Irish "patriots" stick to their present line, and are content to breed from the sweepings of English training-stables (with a few native "duffers" thrown in), their loudly-vaunted sport is likely to sink lower and lower, until it reaches the depths profound of hopeless degradation. We lately had the opportunity of going through the roll-call of Irish sires (or rather of stallions at the public service in Ireland), and at the close of our labours were positively shocked at the nakedness of the land disclosed by the search we had instituted. For our pains we have been pelted with the choicest flowers of Irish invective, and no abuse has been spared by the "tear 'ems" who preside over the rowdy tendencies of the sporting press in that unhappy country. A new St. Patrick is urgently required, whose mission should be the expulsion of animals calculated to drag down Irish turf reputation, and the introduction of choice blood such as formerly coursed in the veins of Birdcatcher and Harkaway in days when England was glad to subsidise those distinguished aliens. Until reforms of this kind are brought about, and some trouble and expense incurred in supplementing the resources of Ireland, she can never hope to attain to the glories of the days of old, still less to hold her own against a rival who begrudges nothing in the cause of achieving the ends of her ambition. But, so long as "Ireland for the Irish" is her motto, there is little hope of an advance in the direction either of improvement or regeneration.

THE MASTERSHIP OF THE OLD SURREY FOXHOUNDS has become vacant by the resignation of Mr. W. Mortimer, who has held the position thirty-three years. Several influential gentlemen in the counties of Surrey and Kent and high-class sportsmen have been solicited to accept the position, but at present no successor has been secured. Hills, the huntsman, will continue to hunt the pack.

CANARY SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The thirteenth annual exhibition of canaries and British and foreign cage birds was opened on Friday week at the Crystal Palace, and was concluded on Wednesday last. There were no less than 1500 entries, comprising every known variety of canaries, as well as some foreign and curious specimens of other singing and pet birds. The judges were Messrs. H. and J. J. Weir, C. J. Burnaby, A. Willmore, and R. L. Wallace, and, as usual, the arrangements for the show were carried out under the direction and supervision of Mr. F. W. Wilson, of the Natural History Department.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[ADVT.]

HOW WE HUNTED THE FAIRY FOX.—I.

BY RALPH NEVILLE.

The Squire of Glenconig—or "Square," as the Irish peasantry were formerly accustomed to designate the territorial magnates of their neighbourhood—was, in the days of my boyhood, a stout hearty gentleman of some seventy years of age, the descendant of an ancient family, with large possessions, for £7000 a year, derived from a wide extent of country, was in those times regarded as a lordly property in Ireland. He was brought up at home under the charge of a tutor, and, when sufficiently advanced, entered as a Fellow Commoner at "Old Trinity," then in the zenith of its popularity, when the Irish aristocracy patronised their national institutions and were proud of their celebrity. Not being devoted to literary pursuits, he only remained at the University during his Junior Freshman's year, just long enough to entitle him to designate that seat of learning as his "Alma Mater," when he was dispatched, under proper guidance, to make what was then termed the "grand tour," just before the commencement of the great French Revolution. He visited the most remarkable Continental cities in turn, and was presented at their Courts; but it must be admitted that in an educational point of view he profited but little from his travels. Of all the countries he traversed he entertained a marked predilection for France; not, indeed, so much on account of the hospitality and polished manners of its inhabitants, as from the enduring impression he retained of the matchless excellence of its Burgundy wines. "Upon my word and conscience, Sir," such was his usual asseveration, "when a bottle of old 'Clos Vougeot' was uncorked it scented the whole room in such a manner as made you long to drink it."

Having inherited his patrimony at an early age, and not being in any way addicted to dissipation, our squire soon married, and settled down in his paternal mansion to enjoy life in, perhaps, its most desirable position—that of a well-born, independent, and respected country gentleman. As a matter of course, a pack of hounds formed one of the appendages of his household. Clubs were at that time unknown in the sister country, as well as the system of game-farming now so universally practised; and the man who would then venture to propose pecuniary aid to the owner of a pack of dogs, or suggest the idea of paying hard cash for his shooting, would be most likely, in the cant phrase of the day, "to have an additional button-hole made in his waistcoat, without the assistance of his tailor."

As to the breeding of his hounds or their personal merits, I was too young and inexperienced when I hunted with him to form any opinion on such matters. All I can say on those subjects is that they afforded capital sport, and that their music when in full cry was as deep and melodious as the chimes of "Big Ben." Their usual game was the hare, as foxes were scarce; but they proved themselves quite able to deal with reynard whenever they were fortunate enough to come in his way.

His kindly manners and generous hospitality, combined with his love of hunting, made the squire a universal favourite with all classes of his neighbours; and nothing gave the peasantry greater pleasure than to preserve game and discover their whereabouts for his amusement.

While returning to breakfast after his usual morning inspection of the stables and kennel, the squire was accosted by a favourite peasant, who always brought him information when anything new in the sporting line turned up.

"Well, Dominick, what's the matter to-day?"

"Nothing, your Honour; only that I've a real, first-rate fox, nearly as big as a three-year-old sheep, set for you."

"Capital!" exclaimed the squire, in an ecstasy of delight. "How did you find him?"

"Well, ye see, Sir, my little girl Nelly rears a clutch of geese every year, and after they're fattened on the stubbles she sells them for her own benefit and buys herself a gown. A finer flock of twelve than she has this season was never seen; but one of them disappeared yesterday, no one can tell how. After nearly crying her eyes out at the loss, what do ye think but the child determined to watch them, and hid herself in the ditch while they were feeding; and what did she see at the end but a fox coming at them. She roared all sorts of murder; he ran off, but she never lost sight of him until she saw him dive into a hole in the side of the Fort of Dunamon. When she told me the story, I went straight to the place; and, sure enough, there were the tracks of his feet quite plain in the clay."

"Capital! capital!" cried the squire. "We'll give him a benefit in the morning."

Charley, the huntsman, was immediately summoned to council. He, too, was overjoyed at the prospect of a run.

"May I be happy, Sir!" addressing his master, "but it's grand news. You must send notes to the gentlemen to let them know of it, as to-morrow's not one of our regular days. Dominick, you're always a bright and lucky fellow; it's a pleasure to show the likes of ye fun. Where is he to be found?"

"In the Fort of Dunamon."

"In the Fort of Dunamon!" reiterated the huntsman, and then, after a short pause, "well, that's queer! Rabbits I know the 'good people' don't care about, but I never yet heered they could abide the scent of a fox, unless, maybe, he was one iv themselves. I'm afraid he mayn't be all right"—a remark which seemed to throw a new light on the matter, and to make a very deep impression indeed on Dominick, who quietly said, "By gorra, that never struck me afore."

"Nonsense," interposed the squire; "we'll make him right enough, I warrant you, if we can only find him. You hide yourself in the wood close by to-night, Dominick. Keep a close eye on the hole. When he comes out and is some distance off put a stone in the mouth of it, and he's sure to be met with somewhere about in the morning."

Charley consoled himself as he returned to the kennel with the reflection that if the fox was "not right" he could not justly be blamed for hunting him after being met with in the open, and he dreaded no great danger, as, ultimately, if a fairy, he would certainly save himself from being "lagged" somehow or another; while Dominick, as he wended his way towards home, heartily regretted having given information as to the fox's whereabouts, as on him would certainly fall the displeasure of the "good people" for having given one of them trouble. Dinner was over at our house, and my father with some friends were settling down to their wine, when a note from the squire was handed to him, announcing the great news that a fox was to be hunted next morning, naming the place of meeting and the time eight sharp, and requesting him to communicate the glad tidings to all his neighbours within reach, as a capital day's sport was anticipated.

Orders were at once given to have the horses in readiness at half-past six, and a brimming bumper of old port was tossed off in testimony of the company's delight at the prospect of a good run. An early breakfast was commanded, to be supplemented by a quantity of hard-boiled eggs, which gentlemen were on such occasions in the habit of carrying for their sustenance, before the more nutritious sandwich was fortunately brought into fashion, and I was directed to go to bed and be up in time to enjoy the first fox-hunt I had ever joined in.

There was no difficulty experienced in finding mounts for our friends, as it was then the custom for unmarried gentlemen to come to the houses they were intimate at incased in leather breeches and top-boots, with a pair of hunters, a groom, carrying saddle-bags containing the bit of pink and a change of dress, bestriding one of them. My father was a very Turk for hard riding, a thorough sportsman, well understanding what he was about; and, always well carried, he went straight ahead, and was sure to be close enough to enjoy the hits. I was educated at home, as was the case with the sons of gentlemen at that time, and was frequently taken out by him to participate in what he considered a great indulgence; but I must candidly admit that I did not at the time regard hunting with any degree of favour, for wherever my venerated parent thought fit to go, there, too, I was expected to accompany him, unless, indeed, the fence was quite beyond the capability of a wonderfully clever jumping pony. If he noticed the slightest intention of refusing, either on the part of myself or my mount, he quickly placed himself alongside and laid on the whip to compel compliance with his wishes, and hence it happened that I often came to grief, and sometimes suffered severely.

When night came Dominick betook himself to the place of concealment, whence he could command a view of Reynard's movements. To keep out the cold—and, perhaps, if the truth was known, to keep up his spirits—he carried a bottle of whisky with him, which was nearly consumed before he saw the fox come forth and dash away in that graceful, springy manner in which he delights to disport himself when not alarmed. His spirits rising as he imbibed the potent, Dominick, after much hesitation and mental debate, at length resolved to do the squire's bidding, and stopped the earth. On arriving at home, after inspecting the geese, who were then safely and quietly reposing in the yard, he went to bed. In a short time, however, he was awakened by the cackling of the geese and the yells of his watchful cur dog, "Butty." Jumping out of bed he opened the back door, when Butty immediately rushed in and ensconced himself under the dresser, and he saw the fox seated on the opposite wall, and, as he afterwards declared, grinning and bobbing his head at him as if in defiance. While hurriedly donning his clothes, he was alarmed by a general stampede of the geese, and, rushing out, with a holy-water bottle in one hand and a pitchfork in the other, to encounter the enemy, he saw the fox bounding away with the old gander slung over his shoulder. His wife restrained him from a useless pursuit, and, before going to sleep again, he consoled himself with the thought that the marauder would suffer dearly for his theft on the morrow. The day was fine, our party arrived in due time, and found a dozen more persons assembled at the place of meeting. The squire, with the hounds, soon after came up, when Charley at once threw them into covert, and "Hark to Frantic!" his favourite bitch, was the prompt reply to her challenge, when the pack instantly joined in chorus, and a noble fox boldly broke into the open.

(To be continued.)

BY THE BYE.

In the *Builder* of the 5th inst. it is pointed out that the once famous Beef-Steak Club is on the eve of revival, and—which is a fact now commonly overlooked—that it was founded early in the last century by George Lambert, the scene-painter, who was also one of the original founders of the Royal Academy.

The old Beef-Steak Club, in the days of Lambert and his friend Hogarth, used to hold its meetings in a room at the top of Covent Garden Theatre, in which Lambert painted, and which had been given up for the special use of the club by John Rich, the first harlequin—ever-famous "Lun"—whom Garrick so enthusiastically admired.

Lambert, who painted the first pantomime scenes, used to make his preliminary sketches and models in this room, and the novelty of these things brought many of the most famous noblemen, wits, and literary men of the day to the theatre to inspect them. On one occasion a party of these distinguished visitors found Lambert cooking a steak for himself over a German stove, he being too much pressed for time to take a meal, as he usually did, at one of the neighbouring taverns. Lambert laughingly invited them to share the costly banquet, they laughingly accepted the invitation, more steaks were sent for, knives and forks provided; the savoury dish gave delight, the succeeding liquids inspiration, and soon after the Beef-Steak Club was an established fact.

John Bernard in his "Retrospections," describing his first visit to the Beef-Steak Club, notes amongst those who were present on that occasion the actors Kelly, Dignum, Sedgwick, and Suet, who were famous glee-singers, and Charles Banister, who appears to have been one of its most constant attendants. The literary profession was represented by Sheridan, Selwyn, Woodfall, Topham, Bale, Dudley, Miles Andrews, Merry, Taylor, Hewardine, Savile Carey, Stevens, and others. The military profession had its representatives in Colonel Boswell and Major Arabin, special favourites at Royal tables. The club then consisted of forty members. Captain Morris was its secretary, Mr. Bearcroft its recorder, Mr. Stevens its poet-laureate, and Dr. Kennedy its physician. The cook and wine-keeper had salaries of £50 each, with perquisites which doubled the amount. Pork and mutton chops were provided for visitors who might chance to dislike the established beef-steak, which few did; and the established liquid was port wine, of which two pipes were purchased yearly—one to be divided into quarter casks for the four senior members in rotation, the other to be put to nurse in the cellar, three years in wood and four in bottle. When Admiral Shuldum was one day dining with the club, he was asked when he preferred being at sea, and replied, touching his glass, "When I can't get to port." The chairman, treasurer, and secretary wore a blue coat with a red collar, black silk breeches and stockings, and each had a golden gridiron suspended from his button-hole by a blue ribbon. John Bernard afterwards filled the post of secretary to this famous club, of which he was on his first visit elected an honorary member.

The old playwright Reynolds, whose amusing biographical work is one of our favourite books for leisure half-hours, gives the following account of a visit to the Beef-Steak Club in 1790, or thereabouts:—

"Thursday, went to dine with Cobb at the old Beef-Steak Club. . . . Forgetting their politics, I gave Pitt as a toast. Duke of Norfolk, Lord Suifolk, and others would not drink it. Jack Churchill, who was as loyal as his brother the poet was rebellious, swore that they should. Riot and confusion ensued. To prevent bloodshed, I whispered the president that I intended a dramatic toast—the pit. Cheering; and the toast was drank by all but Churchill, who reproached me and sent me 'to Coventry' the whole evening."

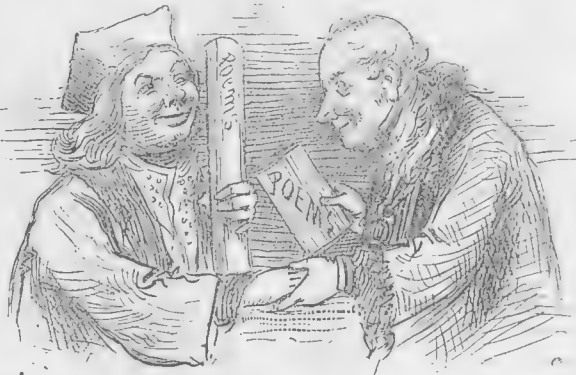
The same amusing author gives another glimpse of the old B.S. Club, which, in connection with its intended resuscitation, may also be interesting. He says:—

"I again dined at the Old Beef-Steak Club, where I was invited by my friend Serjeant Bolton, the recorder of the club, who had then lately fought his duel with Lord Lonsdale.

. . . Amongst others I met this day at the club was that celebrated private singer, Captain Morris; and also that excellent public one and mimic, Charles Banister, whose imitation of Foote was said to be identity. Wilkes was also present, after a long absence, for which he was fined; and the recorder pronounced sentence in the following playful manner:—

"John Wilkes,—The inquiries we made after you were various, but fruitless. A Scotchman said you were at church; but your worst enemy could never believe that of you, so we attached no credit to the *North Briton*. Others said that you had been seen walking with a very young lady; but, for my part, I never could suppose you guilty of such an *Essay on Woman*. However, as you have no sufficient cause to assign for your absence, the sentence of this court is that you pay a fine of a dozen bottles of wine; though, so great is my partiality for you, I am almost induced to wish that the dozen were increased to 'forty-five.'"

The punning allusions italicised in the above speech must have created considerable hilarity; and, doubtless, the great popular idol of his day enjoyed them with the rest. But, alas! Wilkes very soon after that genial merry meeting breathed his last; and the old club-room, in which, perhaps, the happiest hours of his turbulent career had been passed, near the same time also perished in the flames which destroyed the first Covent-Garden Theatre. Wilkes was an Alderman and was elected by his City Livery to serve as Lord Mayor: so that, you see, the present Lord Mayor was not the first Alderman or Lord Mayor elect to associate himself intimately with theatrical affairs.



And doth not a meeting like this make amends

Here we are reminded that the present Lord Mayor is a poet, and by-the-bye the late Charles Knight, in his "Book of Table Talk," notes as "a fact" which, he says, "appears incredible, that there was once an alderman who was a poet." This was Robert Fabian, who was chosen sheriff in 1493, who, as an ancient biographer records, "was of a very merry disposition, and used to entertain his guest as well with good victuals as good discourse. He bent his mind much to the study of poetry which, according to those times, passed for current." Charles Knight says, "We have no doubt his dinners had a good deal to do in making people tolerate his verses, which—though as good as any of that day—are mere doggrel." Thus doth history repeat itself. It is now some fourteen years or more since we received from the hands of their author (the present Lord Mayor) those two little volumes of poems which the *World* recently reviewed. They were copies printed for private circulation. We wonder if a dinner at the Mansion House would have inspired us with the brilliant idea of writing a favourable review of them.

Charles Knight says, "Indeed, Fabian was unique. There never was another," which is more than we of a rather later day can say. If aldermanic poetry blooms but once in three hundred years it ought to be highly valued—most rare things are. Who will publish a little volume in which Fabian and Cotton shall shake hands over the shoulders of three dead centuries and blend their bays as the only poets of their kind?



And, by-the-bye, while we are on the questioning tack, What has become of Mr. George Robert Sims? In our fancy we have him, with a pin through his middle, preserved amongst other rare and curious specimens of the animal creation which move us to laughter by the absurdities of their natural peculiarities, or to wonder by the hopelessly perplexing mystery of their existing. He is a great addition to our cabinet of curiosities. The funny little creature was caught in the Guildhall on the last day of last year with the assistance of Mr. Irving and an Alderman. The specimen being unique, we are at a loss how to classify it; it objects to the representation of Shakespeare's plays! We have read of such amusingly curious beings in old times, but this is the only living specimen it has been our good fortune to find. We shall preserve it carefully.

As there was a Cotton in 1493, so there were Simses in 1811, when proposals were in circulation—as the magazines and journals of that year will show—for a new theatre to be called the Alfred. It was to be built and supported by subscription. The sum of £52,000 was to be expended on the building, and £21,000 was to be devoted to its support yearly. It was to be erected "either in the parish of Marybone or that of St. George, Hanover-square." According to the *Monthly Magazine* for April of that year, "none but subscribers, their families and friends, were to be admitted to the performances, which were to consist entirely of moral plays, two in a week; and a committee was to expunge from any old plays they might adopt every immoral passage. The directors were to be elected from the subscribers, who were elected by ballot amongst the

promoters, the Simses. Strangers desiring admission were to submit their names and addresses, and be elected by ballot. Not only was the audience to consist of unexceptionably respectable people, but no actors, and even no actresses, were to appear whose characters would not bear the strictest investigation. The project was, we suspect, after a time abandoned—perhaps they couldn't get a company together—for we find no other mention of it. Let Sims revive it. Let him, in his horror of Penny Dreadfuls, expunge from *Othello* every allusion to the murder of Desdemona, together with the smothering; make Macbeth resist the temptation to be king, and Hamlet's uncle, guilty of some unmentioned crime, repent and live happy ever after.

If Nollekens, the sculptor, had been alive, Sims would not be unique. For J. T. Smith tells us that Nollekens "was strangely insensible to the beauties of the immortal Shakespeare. He never visited the theatre where his plays were performed, though he was actively alive to pantomime," which does not perhaps increase the strangeness of the fact, although, according to the *Sunday Times* of Jan. 2, there must be a strong resemblance between some of Shakespeare's plays and the modern extravagance and nonsense of a mirth-provoking pantomime.



so much alike that one may be taken for the other
vide the *Sunday Times*

By-the-bye, did you ever find out that the so-called tragedy of *Hamlet* could in any way be "so light, gracious, and flexible in treatment" as "to be invested in a degree with the genial character of a festive celebration," and be a fitting substitute for a Christmas pantomime? It never struck us in that light before, but it did our friend who wrote for the *Sunday Times*. Hamlet as clown would look a little strange, although Polonius is very commonly, in the traditional conception of old actors, much more like pantaloons than the courteous, pliable, wise old time-server depicted in Shakespeare's play, who, because he soothingly humours the wayward fancies of a supposed mad prince, has been taken for that fool which his advice to his son proves he was not originally intended to be.

Returning to the penurious, selfish, and talented Nollekens, you may remember how Garrick, recognising him at Rome, cried, "What! let me look at you! Are you the little fellow to whom we gave the prizes at the Society of Arts?" and, on his replying that he was, invited him to breakfast, and gave him a sitting for a bust, paying twelve guineas for it. And, you may ask, did Nollekens never go to see Garrick play one of his world-famous Shakespearean characters? Smith says he never did; and, if that is true, the fact is the more remarkable.

There is a story told of Nollekens, at Dr. Burney's, in St. Martin's-street, where, at a small recherché musical party, he heard Piozzi and Signora Cori (le Minutrici) singing to the accompaniment of Dominica on the violin, and called out, "Dr. Burney, I don't like that kind of music. I heard a great deal of it in Italy; but I like the Scotch and English music better." Said the doctor in reply, he being warmly indignant, "Suppose a person to say, 'I have been to Rome, saw the Apollo and many fine works, but for all that give me a good barber's block.'"

"Ay," replied the sculptor, unconscious of the point, "that would be talking like a fool."

Nollekens, chewing tobacco, with his dirty boots, shabby dress, ill-washed face, and snuffy nose, would have cut a curious figure at a spelling bee. Miss Welch, his wife's sister, brought down upon herself his unappeasable hatred by kindly offering to improve his knowledge of orthography, of which he had ideas as remarkable as were those he had of Shakespeare. On the back of one of his charcoal sketches the following curious astronomical event was chronicled:—"1803, May 23rd, Lady Newborough brought forth a second sun." Under the date July 10, in the same year, he notes of another "sun," "Lord Wellesley began to set." Yet, say what we will of Nollekens, we can never say of him, as we can of some modern sculptors, that other men's brains and other artists' labours realised his fame and created his wealth. His works were honestly his own; and he could model for himself, which is much more than can be done by some "great sculptors" of the present day.

And so we drift and drift, in these our by-ways, from the new, from the popular and persecuted Alderman Wilkes to the widely-respected, kindly-hearted Lord Mayor Cotton, and from him to old dinner-giving, poem-writing Fabian; from Sims to Nollekens, and from Nollekens to the time when we must once more put aside pencil and pen, and go from Bye the Bye to, as the children say, "by-by," for it is now past midnight.

A. H. DOUBLET.

HANOVER-SQUARE CLUB.—The French Ambassador (the Marquis d'Harcourt), M. Gavard (the first secretary of the Embassy), and Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, have joined this club.

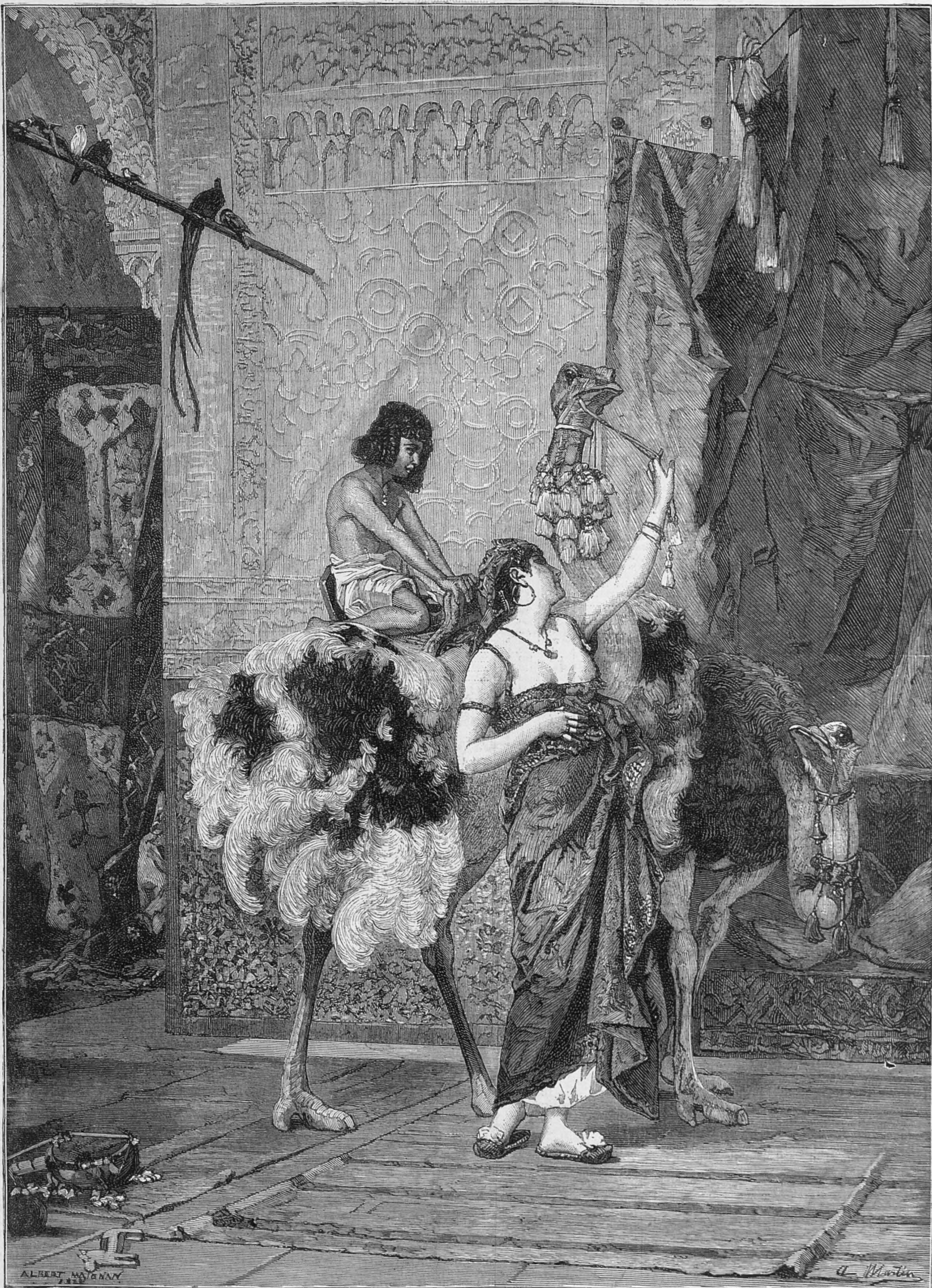
LORD AND LADY LYTTON and the Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy arrived at Windsor Castle, on Sunday, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Lord Lytton had an audience of the Queen on Monday, and kissed hands on his appointment as Viceroy of India.

ROWLANDS' EUKONTA is a new and fragrant powder for the face and skin, and is specially recommended to ladies; 3s. per box. Rowlands' Odonto whitens the teeth and prevents their decay. Rowlands' Macassar Oil preserves, strengthens, and beautifies the human hair. Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers.—[ADVT.]



A FARMERS' STEEPLECHASE.

C. Plattman



THE EDUCATION OF THE LAST KING OF GRANADA.

WINNING YACHTS IN 1875.

(Concluded from page 422.)

DATE.	CLUB.	MATCH.	FIRST PRIZE.			SECOND PRIZE.			THIRD PRIZE.			REMARKS.
			YACHT.	TONS.	VALUE.	YACHT.	TONS.	VALUE.	YACHT.	TONS.	VALUE.	
JULY					£ s.			£ s.				
1	Prince of Wales	Challenge Cup, 15 Tons	Aveyron	15	50 0	Zephyr	10	10 0				Won twice by Aveyron and retained.
2	Royal Barrow	Liverpool to Barrow, 1st Class	Neptune	50	50 0							Sir J. Ramsden's Prize.
3	"	" 2nd Class	Vanessa	20	20 0							Cup, presented by the Duke of Devonshire.
3	"	Exceeding 20 Tons	Neva	62	50 0							Prize for Yacht of different rig.
5	"	Not exceeding 20 "	Latona	161	25 0							
5	"	" 10 "	Sunshine	20	30 0							
9	Royal Northern	Channel Match	Merle	10	15 0	Lily	10	10 0				Cup presented by the Earl of Dalkeith.
9	"	1st Class Schooners and Yawls	Corisande	140	50 0							
9	"	1st Class Cutters	Lufra	208	70 0	Corisande	140					
9	"	40 Tons, any Rig	Neva	62	70 0	Cuckoo	92	30 0				
9	"	20 Tons, any Rig	Norman	40	40 0	Bloodhound	40	15 0				
9	"	Not above 15 Tons	Vanessa	20	20 0	Thyra	20	10 0				
9	"	10 Tons	Queen	15	5 0							Cup.
9	"	5 Tons	Queta	10	15 0	Lily	10	5 0				
10	"	1st Class Yachts	Pearl	5	5 0							
10	"	40 Tons	Cythera	110	100 0	Lufra	140	30 0				
10	"	20 "	Norman	40	40 0	Bloodhound	40	15 0				
10	"	15 "	Thyra	20	20 0	Sunshine	20	10 0				
10	"	10 "	Queen	15								Match.
12	Prince of Wales	Channel Match	Lancer	10	15 0	Blanche	10	5 0	Zephyr	10	£5	Gravesend to Ramsgate.
12	Junior Thames	1st Class, above 10, under 15 Tons	Sweetheart	23	25 0	Bella Donna	34	10 0				
12	"	2nd " 6, " 10 Tons	Dudu	15	12 12	Zanthe	15	5 5				
12	Royal Clyde	3rd Class, not above 6 Tons	Zephyr	10	10 10	Pilot	9	5 5				
12	"	Cutters, 40 Tons	Virago	6	5 5	Adele	5	3 3				
12	"	" 20 "	Norman	40	40 0	Bloodhound	40	10 0				The Hafton Cup.
12	"	" 15 "	Vanessa	20	Cup	Shulah	20	10 0				Mr. J. M. Sinclair's Cup.
12	"	" 10 "	Idogonda	15	15 0							
12	"	" 5 "	Lily	10	15 0	Queta	10	5 0				
12	"	Yawls	Pearl	5	9 0	Clotilde	5	3 0				
13	Corinthian	2nd Class, not over 10 Tons	Neptune	50	15 0							
13	"	3rd " 5 "	Virago	6	12 0	Zephyr	10	5 0				With Tankards to Crew of Virago.
13	Royal Clyde	1st Class Yachts	Adele	5	7 0							With Tankards to Messrs. E. and H. C. Fox.
13	"	40 Tons, any Rig	Cythera	111	80 0	Neva	62	20 0				Won by time from Latona.
13	"	20 Tonners	Norman	40	30 0							
13	"	10 "	Vanessa	20	20 0	Sunshine	20	5 0				Mr. Fulton's Prizes.
13	"	5 "	Lily	10	15 0	Queta	10	5 0				
13	"	15 "	Pearl	5	5 0	Clotilde	5	3 0				
16	Royal Ulster	1st Class	Queen	15	15 0							
16	"	Above 20 Tons and under 40	Cuckoo	92	155 0							Banger Challenge Cup, £105; Purse, £50.
16	"	" 10 " 20	Bloodhound	40	40 0	Norman	39	10 0				
16	"	" 10 " 20	Shulah	20	20 0	Quickstep	20	10 0				
AUG.												
2	Southampton	35 Tons and not over 40 Tons	Bloodhound	40	40 0	Coralie	40	10 0				
3	Llandudno Regatta	16 to 30 Tons	Playmate	20	20 0							Cup.
5	Great Yarmouth Regatta	11 to 15	Fairlie	15	15 0	Glide	15	5 0				Cups.
5	"	Any Rig under 30 Tons	Red Rover	15	20 0	Kittiwake	20	10 0				
5	"	" 10 "	Firefly	8	15 0	Elaine	8	5 0				
3	Royal Squadron	Queen's Cup	Vol-au-Vent	104	100 0							
4	"	Schooner Match	Gwendoline	192	100 0							
5	"	Cutters and Yawls over 30 Tons	Vol-au-Vent	104	100 0							
5	"	Town Cup	Corinne	161	100 0							
6	Royal Welsh	Any Rig	Gwendoline	192	100 0							Marquis of Londonderry's Cup.
6	"	15 Tons and over	Glide	15	20 0							
6	"	Not over 15 Tons	Fairlie	14	15 0							
6	"	" 10 "	Lily	10	10 0							
7	Royal Southern	For Menai Straits Yachts	Cigarette	5	10 0							
7	"	Not over 48 tons	Hypatia	45	50 0	Bloodhound	40	10 0				
7	"	Not over 28 Tons	Shulah	20	25 0	Vanessa	20	10 0				
7	Royal Clyde	"	Torpid	27	30 0							
9	Southampton Y.C.	Cutter Match	Cuckoo	92	100 0							
10	Hamble River Regatta	Not over 20 Tons	Quiver	12	15 0							
10	Royal Victoria	Any Rig	Gwendoline	192	100 0							Vice-Commodore's Prize.
10	"	Not over 30 Tons	Vanessa	20	25 0	Thought	27	15 0				
10	"	Not over 10 Tons	Zephyr	10	15 0							
10	"	Any Rig under 40 Tons	Norman	40	50 0	Bloodhound	40	10 0				
12	"	Any Rig	Corinne	162	50 0	Florida	136	30 0	Arrow	115	20 0	
12	Lowestoft Regatta	For R. V. Yachts	Phosphorus	50	75 0	Spindrift	80	30 0	Tamesis	140	20 0	
12	"	Not over 21 Tons	Red Rover	15	46 0	Dudu	15	15 0	Snowdrop	18	15 0	Cup value £20 added to 1st Prize, and £5
12	"	Not over 10 Tons	Firefly	8	36 0	Maud	8	15 0	Elaine	8	15 0	Cups included.
12	"	Not over 6 Tons	Gem	4	10 10	Spray	5	5 0				1st Prize, Cup.
16	Royal Albert	Cutters, 60 Tons and over	Nixie	78	100 0							Albert Cup.
16	"	Vice-Commodore's Prize	Vanessa	20	25 0							Cup.
16	"	Cutters, over 20 and under 35 Tn	Diamond	5	10 0							Cup.
17	Royal Albert	Corinthian Match	Egeria	155	100 0							Cup.
17	"	Schooner Match	Florida	136	60 0							Cup.
17	"	Yawl Match	Norman	40	30 0							Cup.
17	"	Cutters, 35 and under 60 Tons	Vanessa	20	20 0							Cup.
19	"	Cutters, 20 Tons and under	Vol-au-Vent	104	200 0	Corinne	162	70 0	Gertrude	68	£50	
19	Bournemouth Regatta	Club Match	Bloodhound	39	35 0							
19	"	20 Tons and under 40 Tons	Vanessa	20	25 0							
19	"	15 " 20 "	Zephyr	10	15 0							
19	"	7 " 15 "	Alouette	5	5 0							
19	Lyme Regis Regatta	" 15 "	Buccaneer	14	20 0							
21	"	" 10 "	Gwendoline	10	11 0							
21	Weymouth Regatta	10 Tons and under 15 Tons	Ina	15	12 0	Naiad	10	3 0				
23	"	Under 10 Tons	Wild Rose	7	5 0							
23	"	Any rig, with limited Tonnage	Bloodhound	40	40 0	Gertrude	68	20 0	Anita	47	£15	Beating Coralie and Glance.
23	"	Match	Myosotis	40	25 0							
23	Colne Y.C. Regatta	Cutters between 15 and 30 Tons	Vanessa	20	20 0	Shulah	20	5 0				Cup.
23	"	1st Class	Dudu	15	10 10							
24	Torbay Regatta	2nd Class	May	6	8 8							
24	"	Cutters, 40 Tons and upwards	Oimara	159	40 0	Fiona	78	10 0				
25	"	10 Tons and under	Mabel	10	7 0	Alouette	6	3 0				
25	"	20 Tons and under	Vanessa	20	15 0	Nadja	20	5 0				
25	"	15 Tons and under	Aveyron	15	10 0	Buccaneer	14	5 0				
25	Isle of Purbeck Y.C.	Corinthian Match	Duke	4	2 0							
25	"	Handicap	Snowdrop	9	Cup	Stella	7					1st Prize Commodore's Cup, 2nd Club Prize
25	"	Handicap, under 7 tons	Stella	7	Cup							
25	"	Under 7 Tons, any Club	Stella	7	4 0	Cymbeline	5	2 0				
26	Junior Thames	Handicap	Virago	6	10 10	Vivien	7	5 5				Greenhithe to Chatham.
26	"	1st Class	Dudu	15	10 0	Nelly	9	5 5				In Thames.
27	Royal Dart	Under 7 Tons	Virago	6	7 0	Adele	5	3 0				
27	"	Champion Cup, and other Prizes	Fiona	78	100 0							
30	"	"	Bloodhound	40	30 0	Florida	136	30 0	Corinne	162	30 0	With £30 added and Gold Medal.
30	Royal Cornwall	Rear Commodore's Cup	Thought	27	Cup	Niobe	40	10 0				And Gold Medals.
30	"	Prince of Wales's Prize	Corinne	160	Cup	Anita	30	Medal				Gold Medal to Bloodhound.
30	"	Cutters, 40 Tons and upwards	Vol-au-Vent	102	50 0	Olga	220	25 0				With Silver Medal to Master of Thought.
30	"	Cutters, under 40 Tons	Bloodhound	39	40 0	Neva	62	10 0				
30	"	Cutters, under 20 Tons	Spirit	13	20 0	Niobe	40	10 0				
SEPT.						Sweetheart	20	5 0				2nd Prize, Sweetheart, Yawl.
2	Royal Clyde	Rear Commodore's Prizes	Neptune	50	Cup							1st Class.
2	"	"	Zampa	20	Cup							2nd Class.
2	"	"	Ellen	17	Cup							3rd Class.
2	"	"	Pearl	5	Cup							4th Class.

SUNBEAMS AND REPUTATIONS.

THERE are distinctions which, nowadays, it is a distinction not to possess. Times were when the tiny bead of crimson ribbon unostentatiously displayed—the reader will pardon the paradox—at the button-hole of a gentleman's coat showed him to be one whom his King had “delighted to honour” for some deed of valour, some achievement in literature or in art, some political triumph—in short, some performance which entitled him to the homage of his fellow-men and to the wearing of a badge that should single him out from among the millions of nobodies who had done nothing yet to “deserve well of their country.” When, years ago, the portrait of a lady or gentleman was exhibited in the printseller's shop-window it might be taken as an almost sure sign that the he or she whom it represented had accomplished something out of the common in the career in which his or her lot was cast. “We have changed all that.” In France the indiscriminate bestowal of the cross of the Legion of Honour has become a target, and not undeservedly, for the witticisms of journalists; in England the investiture of knighthood means frequently nothing more than that the recipient of it is the mere vulgar, showy Amphitryon to Royalty, *qui de son cuisinier se fait un mérite*, and whose

Notte persone

Est un fort méchant plat, qui gâte tous les repas qu'il donne.

This much for honorary rewards, which, if given for deeds hardly worthy of record by some Pepys of the period, are, however, still granted by “those in authority.” But the matter

does not stop there. A host of nobodies, and worse than nobodies, impostors, finding that some of the public are apt to be beguiled into the belief that these ephemeral titles really do mean something, have bethought themselves of some contrivance by which they shall also become possessed of a handle to their names, if it be only one of plain deal. These nobodies may be subdivided into two classes, the impostors and their victims. We shall deal with the latter ones first. A few lines will suffice to lay bare their crotchets, which, were they not so harmless and ridiculous, would become contemptible. Inordinate vanity is the worst charge that can be brought against them. It is for them that nearly the whole of the alphabet—the letter F, which may stand for something else than for Fellow, especially predominating—has been laid under contribution to supply them with initials, denoting them as members of societies, the labours of which are often as obscure as those of the moles, and far more mischievous. These innocent idiots are very much in the position of the fox in the fable that had lost its brush in a trap, and that tried to defend the absence of it by the asseveration that it felt more comfortable without the caudal appendage, only the position is reversed. The gull with the appendix to his name looks with a half-pitying contempt on those of his brothers who have not tacked half a dozen letters behind theirs, but who may, with more justice than Master Reynard, plead the benefits of the omission.

We wish we could write as charitably about the first-named class, the impostors. Their aim is not quite so free from guile. Their straining at reputation hides something more than the

simple desire to gratify a craving for fame. With them this is but the first stage on the road, the means to an end. “Fortune favours the brave,” but we are afraid sometimes the coward also, for of late years nature herself has provided these cheats of both sexes with a powerful confederate in their nefarious practices, the very beams of the sun himself. When Christian came into the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair he found the jugglers and the apes, the Italian Row, the French Row, the Spanish Row, the British Row, the puppet-shows, the shops of all kinds. Should any nineteenth century Christian arrive from a distant country into our Vanity Fair we could show him all these, but we could also show him something else, another kind of emporium, which Christian did not see, the *Reputation-shop*. It is a curious kind of establishment, above the doors of which might justly be written, *Reputations obtained by the concentration of the Solar Rays*. We offer the following suggestion as an advertisement to be placed in its windows:—“Ladies and gentlemen desirous of fame (or what is next door to it, notoriety) are requested to walk in here. The proprietors will undertake, for a fixed consideration, to bring their names and features before the public, and obtain for them, what they never would gain without their aid during their (the customers') lifetime, a reputation.”

They might go further still. “The sun shines on all alike,” but while he barely gives warmth and light to some poor devils who try to bask in his rays in the absence of the necessary fuel at home, he will provide, by a peculiar system we have adopted called Photography, not only the necessities, but even the luxuries of life to those who shall come and consult us.

"Stand out of the sun," was the reply of Diogenes, when the Macedonian conqueror came to offer him his protection and services. History repeats itself, and so do history cries. "Stand out of the sun" has been the one taken up lately by a host of swindling nonentities of both sexes. "Stand out of the sun," cry the female ones: "We do not want his warmth, our sealskin jackets and fur pelisses will provide us with that; we want his light and actinism, to reproduce our brazen faces 'with colours idly spread,' to enable us to live in splendour, to allow us to decoy into our net silly scions of nobility, fast stockbrokers, roué bankers, &c.; to become the observed of all observers on the stage, and so to drive away our humbler sisters, to whom the very names of some of the luxuries which we enjoy are unknown, but who, deluded beings, plod and study in the by-ways of histrionic art, while we flaunt our silks and satins, our diamonds and rubies, into the high-roads of publicity."

Were the evil confined there, much as we condemn and deplore it, we should in all probability not have taken up our pen to draw attention to the matter. We should have apostrophised the *cartes de visite* of those modern Phrynes in the words of Pope:—

Blest paper credit! last and best supply,
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.

We should have left alone those Misses Fitz-Clarence, St. Clair, St. John, who tack the Saint before their names on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle; whose real ones were probably Scroggins, or Muggs, in that "garret in which they were born," or "in that kitchen where they were bred." The public, the grown-up public at least, are as a rule well able to distinguish the simulacra from the real, be the former ever so well puffed. If they tolerate them on the stage, instead of driving them away as were the money-changers driven out of the temple, it is because they are too contemptible to deserve notice.

But there is a deeper evil concealed beneath all this; an evil which strikes at the root of many an honest and deserving young girl and man; an evil which encompasses the ruin morally and financially of many humble but respectable fathers and mothers, who would have seen their offspring grow up, well thought of and esteemed in the walks of life in which it had pleased Providence to call them, were it not for the pernicious influence exercised by those brazen-faced impostors, publicly exhibited in the shop-windows. Let not the reader misunderstand us. The theatrical profession, as every one, that is taken up with a single-minded purpose, is entitled to consideration; not so when it becomes a mere cloak for the most immoral intentions.

And here the male section of our impostors come to the front. The women, bad as they are, and Heaven knows they are bad! play but the part of Grätchen in this modern drama of Faustus selling his soul to the devil. They are but the instruments of temptation in the hands of our contemporary Mephistopheles. Their portraits are but as the vision, which the arch-fiend showed to the philosopher, before contracting his bargain. And Mephistopheles assumes a multitude of disguises. His costume varies, according to his wants. If it be money only, he dons the attire of the celebrated actor, with a romantic curl on his forehead, strikes a melodramatic attitude, and calls in the aid of the sunbeams to provide him with a picture in which he appears, handsome enough, and which is exhibited to the gaze of the multitude in Regent-street and elsewhere. This is but one part of the programme. The next step is an advertisement in the papers, in which he offers his services as a teacher of elocution and stage-business, and in which he undertakes to provide engagements for even the most inexperienced after a few lessons; which few lessons are generally prolonged, the time of prolongation being determined by the amount of money the gull is possessed of. He or she, poor fools! see his portrait in company with those of people who really are entitled to such a distinction, and come to the conclusion that he must be somebody. The result is very simple. If the gull be a girl, she is generally, after the tuition, handed over to some third-rate theatrical agent, who introduces her to Mephistopheles No. 2, of whom we shall have something to say later on.

And now let us glance for a moment at the embryo Siddons just as she has left the hands of her so-called finishing tutor, who has promised to open the portals of the temple of dramatic fame to her, and while she is as yet a simple aspirant to histrionic honours, and not—what she in all likelihood will later on become—a candidate for Aspasian notoriety. Of genius, or even of talent, the poor girl has, probably, not a spark; it was not an inner voice which prompted her to take up the theatrical profession: it was the fictitious halo thrown round the nobodies in the reputation-shop windows which led her, in her youthful vanity, to endeavour to obtain the same glory. But this she does not know, though the eminent actor, elocutionist, and stage-instructor was perfectly well aware of it. To tell her so would, however, not have suited his book; consequently, he took her fee, and has now, according to his lights, prepared her for the campaign. One thing we must not forget. It is almost certain that, during the time of her lessons, the young girl has neglected her duties in the milliner's shop or at the sewing-machine, that she has quarrelled with her parents, and that at the moment when she fancies herself ready to brave the public gaze she is entirely without pecuniary support, and has already begun to pledge or sell her personal property in order to live. Nine times out of ten that is how the case stands when she is introduced to the theatrical agent already alluded to. He is not long to find out all absence of aptitude for the vocation which she has chosen, or rather, let us say, into which she has been inveigled. But she is well-favoured, young, and pretty, and she may do for *opéra-bouffe* chorus. Hence an engagement at the *Candelabra* or some other theatre. Behold our heroine fairly launched on the current of professional life. We will not follow her. Space fails. Sufficient to say that her salary is a meagre pittance, not enough to keep body and soul together, until Mephistopheles number two steps in, in the shape of the young or old roué, takes her under his protection for a month or a year, during which time he takes care, though, to send her to the reputation-shop to have her portrait taken, merely in order to secure her future prospects when the period shall arrive that he gets tired of her, and shall wish to make her over to some near and dear friend by private contract.

This is the fate of all, or nearly all, the female victims who have been attracted by the splendid pictures in the reputation-shop. When we come to contemplate that of some of the young men that have left lucrative and honourable situations, impelled by the same feelings which swayed the girls, the matter becomes sadder still. With the latter it is dishonour which is the ultimate result; sometimes they even succeed in hiding, if not in avoiding that, by becoming manageresses—Heaven save the mark! With the former, who have not their personal charms to fall back upon, it is starvation, contempt from those around them, drunkenness, debauch, ending in death in the workhouse, and a pauper's grave.

We must now conclude. Much more could we have advanced to show that, of all puffing in this nineteenth century, the puffing by sunbeams is the most pernicious, inasmuch that

it leads to disastrous consequences for the victims it decoys, which only end with their lives. We trust that an abler pen than ours will take the matter up and expose the sham more fully. Should such be the result of this essay our efforts shall not be deemed in vain.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

A SPORTING TRIP TO INDIA.

NO. VI.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

Camp, Burwalla.

I LEFT Arnej on the morning of the 10th inst., and, after a long and dreary ride, for the most part through a sandy "run" or desert of dark brown sand, relieved here and there by a few acres of dejected-looking cotton, I reached a small village called Phædra, and put at the Dhurrumsala. Phædra, like the unstable mansion spoken of in the New Testament, is "built upon sand," which possibly some few hundred years back was covered by the sea, that now ebbs and flows ten miles to the southward. The utter and abject aspect of desolation that pervades this part of Gujerat makes one almost feel sorry that the winds have not risen and the waves come, and made Phædra eligible for comparison with a house built upon a rock, whereby a moral might be deduced and the natives of the locality benefited. But an inscrutable Providence has willed otherwise, deeming, perhaps, that Phædra is not worth the trouble.

In the evening I went out after deer, and with my third shot slightly wounded a buck, but, after following him most patiently for about half an hour, he completely out-distanced me. There is little or no game about the locality; any buck who would voluntarily take up his quarters there must be a born fool; and shikar is carried on under very adverse circumstances. In the first place, the few deer in the vicinity are very wild, from having been constantly frightened away by the villagers from the growing crops. (Heaven save the mark!) Secondly, there is little or no cover to assist the sportsman in stalking the game. And, thirdly, they resort in the day time to sandy deserts similar to the one above mentioned, parts of which are incrustated with salt, upon which the sun shines powerfully, and causes a dazzling glare that makes distance-judging an enigma only to be solved after years of patient experience.

Disgusted with my luck, I determined to march the next day; so that night I packed up, and early in the morning sent my kit forward. In the meantime I rode to a salt-water "river" (I think I may call it), which lay about two miles off, and, arrived there, I sent for some whaggrees (a low caste of men who work in the fields, and know all the haunts of the game), and in about an hour they arrived, bringing their fishing-nets with them.

The river was about fifty yards broad, and three men entered it; each with a net of very fine but strong twine, which they stretched across a short distance the one from the other. This done, they set to work and made a noise by snapping their fingers between wind and water, that closely resembled the sound of a duck or water-fowl gobbling up weeds. The acoustic deception was really marvellous, and thoroughly deceived the fish, for they could be discerned by the ripples on the surface of the water darting away on all sides; and then, as they reached the net, they came to an unexpected halt, entangled in the meshes by their gills and fins. As each undulation of the floats showed that a fish was caught a whaggree waded up and disentangled it, helping it, metaphorically speaking, out of the frying-pan into the fire. Close by was a bridge (which gave the country a very civilised appearance; but, in common justice to nature, I must say it was the only one I came across in a tramp of seventy miles), and under it the water was about four feet deep. Here we had a good haul. (Sketch No. 1.) In about an hour and a half fifty fish were lying on the sunburnt strand, and these I dispatched to my new camp at Dhundooka. They eventually proved very sweet and succulent! I then mounted my horse and directed my own steps thither.

If the ride of the previous day was a fatiguing one, this was doubly so. The sun scorched down with a tiger-like ferocity, and a tantalising mirage glittered and shimmered all round. I am painfully aware that I am poaching on Captain Mayne Reid's own private preserves. When I go in for the Weary Traveller, the Familiar, if Jaded, Steed, and the Sublime Mirage of the Boundless Desert, I cannot hope in the faintest way to echo the magnificence of his language, or attempt to introduce a feeble imitation of his heroines into the scene, although such were my highest ambition. And yet I must own that no words could exaggerate the real beauty of the delusion (the mirage, not the heroine, is what I refer to), and villages which, if put to a practical test, would be found to consist of twenty mud huts and a good deal of smell, aided by that enchantment which distance, a flat country, and a powerful sun lend, appear to be in all but the mere reality lovely and delicate islands, surrounded by calm and limpid waters, and which force from the admiring beholder's lips an exclamation of sincere admiration that gradually tones down with something very like a curse, as a nearer examination robs the sepulchre of its whiteness.

The next day, shortly before sunrise, I started on horseback for a village called Karorah, about seven miles out from Dhundooka. I had fair shooting, and bagged two buck; but the day was hot, the plains dusty, and I was glad to get back to camp by ten o'clock for breakfast. It was on the day following that I had the best day's sport that I have enjoyed. I rode to a village called Suntriana, which, according to local calculation, was said to be seven "kos," or fourteen miles distant, though I hardly think it was so much. A kos in India is a chameleon-like measure of distance, and, though nominally supposed to represent two miles, is in reality, when used by a native, so comprehensive a word that it embraces any distance from a hundred yards to a hundred leagues. In riding from camp to camp, if you ask a native how far you are from your destination he will inevitably answer "ek kos" (one kos). Thankful that your journey is so near its end, you gaily canter on, but no snowy tent welcomes your straining eyes. After riding some four or five miles you meet another man, and, fearful that you are not in the right track, you ask him the distance to your camp. "One kos," he promptly replies, with an air of decision that carries conviction with it. "Two miles," you say to yourself, and on you go; but yet no camp uprises. After half an hour a sickly feeling steals over you—there is some fearful mystery surrounding you. "Ek kos, ek kos" comes through the startled air, as though some supernatural goblin were mocking you. In your utter disconsolation you accost the next man you meet, and fiercely demand how far you are from your destination. "One kos!" he replies. With an air of resignation that would do credit to any one acting the part of Joan of Arc at the stake you "tch," "tch," to your horse, and so move on. Fifty yards brings you to a bend in the road, and, having weathered a thick clump of trees,

lo and behold! your camp is there nestling snugly under the shade. I would strongly recommend anyone contemplating "A Sporting Trip to India" to add the "kos" to the category of princes and sons of men, and Indian goods-trains.

To return, however, to Suntriana. I reached it about eight o'clock, and found my D.M.* and two whaggrees, who had started with my guns from my camp at four a.m., smoking a guttural-voiced hookah and awaiting my arrival. I lost no time on off-saddling (to use a South African expression); and, leaving my horse under a tree in charge of one of my men, I shouldered my rifle and started for the plains, followed by a small host of villagers, to whom the sight of a European is as strange as is a Parsee to a London crowd. My D.M. routed them, however, on my giving him a gentle but undeniable hint that they usurped more room than their company was worth.

We had not gone more than half a mile when we sighted a small *tola* (or herd) of deer—two bucks and four does. Compared with the game at Arnej and Phædra, they were very tame; and I had no difficulty in getting within a hundred yards of them, by making the D.M. and the whaggree act as a cover to my person. Kneeling down, I had an easy shot at the largest, and rolled him over with my right barrel, and was lucky enough to break his comrade's leg with my left as he bolted away. Now, it must not for a moment be imagined that because a black buck's hind leg is broken that animal is necessarily a "gone coon," although handicapped with a shattered limb, he will give your horse a three-mile gallop, and not unfrequently beat him at that. The best thing to be done under these circumstances is to dispatch a man to mark the buck down; for, if he is undisturbed, he is sure to squat in some quiet nook before long. Meanwhile, continuing your sport, and having given the poor beast two or three hours to muse on the changes of fortune and the glories of a better existence, not to mention venison steaks and cutlets, return and give him a quietus. But be sure and aim straight—a golden maxim when "on the trail," or peradventure the jackals of the Vast, Ocean-like, Heaven-bounded Per-arie (with due apologies to Captain M. R.) will enjoy the succulent haunch for which your mouth watered, and the beautiful spiral horns and glossy black skin will be but mutilated monuments marking the spot where the scavengers of the desert had a good repast and thoroughly enjoyed it—at your expense!

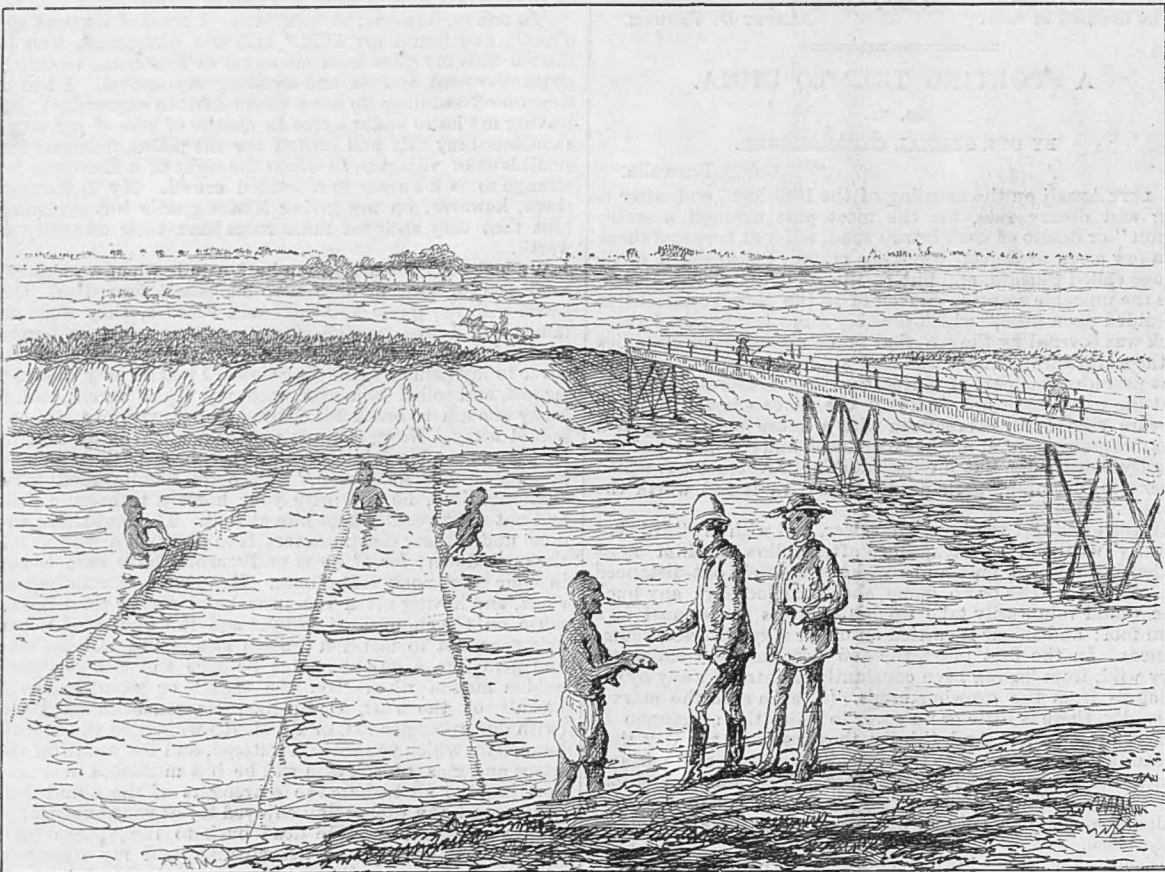
Having dispatched the dead buck to the village on the shoulders of an adjacent agriculturist and my whaggree, I continued my way. Presently some black objects were seen far away in the mirage on the horizon, standing, as it were, like Mohammed's coffin, midway 'twixt earth and heaven. The D. M. drew my attention these and remarked briefly, but emphatically, "Kala Heran" (Black buck). Thither I directed my steps; and, after plodding (I might almost say swimming through my own perspiration) for about two miles among waist-high cotton-fields, I came across the herd, which numbered almost 300. A friendly tree gave me a good shelter for a stalk, and, creeping along through the cotton-bushes, I slowly made my way towards the *tola*. At length, thoroughly pumped, I reached the tree and sat down; for the deer had not the slightest suspicion of danger. For fully five minutes I watched them. The fawns gambolled playfully round the does, who were demurely feeding. The bucks stalked hither and thither, tossing their antlered heads from side to side, anon feeding and anon skittishly running after a favourite doe. Four or five of them, a little way apart, regarded in a very matter of fact way two of their comrades engaged in a furious fight. During these five minutes I had ample time to mark the chief of the clan, and to keep my eye on him until he got clear of the smaller fry that continually surrounded him. Then I lifted my express and had a steady shot. Bang! went the rifle, and the smoke hung low in the sweltering air, while a cyclone of dust alone marked the spot where the herd had been. Then, as the atmosphere cleared a little, I could see them bounding away; but the old buck was lagging in the rear, with two or three of his favourite does round him, as though mutely but eloquently urging him to hurry on. I could see he was wounded, but not seriously; so all that was left to me was another long stalk!

It is needless here to detail how malignantly the sun frowned upon me. The Indian sun must be a Bunia,† I think, for he always "makes it hot" for sportsmen. Nor shall I describe how a tepid breeze insisted upon fanning me hand in hand with the dust, nor how the cotton-shrubs seemed planted for the especial purpose of tripping me up, nor how the brandy-and-water in my pocket-flask, catching the temperature of my left thigh, became very nauseous grog, nor how a hundred fleas showed me a thousand delicate attentions by paying me visits every half minute! These things with me are history, and are as firmly planted in my mind as the Norman Conquest or the American Revolution; but they do not bear as general an interest. Suffice to say, after a mile and a half's patient stalking I again got a shot at my stately foe, and a welcome thud greeted my ears. But he was off again, manifestly not so nimble on his pins, and this time he left the herd and struck out in another direction by himself—always a very good sign. "It's badly wounded," said the D. M. "It will soon fall;" and, true enough, at that moment it lay down. "Run and cut its throat," I shouted, handing the D. M. my hunting-knife, and away he went. But this Devout Mohammedan had reckoned without his host, and his host determined to show him that he had made a mistake, and so, when but ten yards parted them, up jumped the deer and off he trotted, the D. M. careering after him. I, too, joined the chase, but in a manner that suggested a subtle intermingling of enthusiasm and fatigue. It was a ludicrous, and at the same time a pitiable, spectacle. First the brave buck, ambling away in a very sorry manner. Then the excited D. M., brandishing the flashing hunting-knife in his hand, and bellowing out in an authoritative tone of voice, "Stop, you son of a pig—stop!" but the buck, nettled perhaps at the illogical assumption of his paternity, tossed his head in a dignified manner, and mended his pace as well as he was able. In the rear—a good long way in the rear—in point of fact, a very, very, long way in the rear, jogged your Special Correspondent. His gun in one hand, his flask in the other, and he himself tortured by an almost feminine indecision as to what course he should pursue, whether to drink first and follow afterwards, or follow first and drink afterwards. He compromised matters by drinking while he ran, and Solomon himself couldn't have delivered a fairer judgment, or have blended duty and pleasure more elaborately.

Such was the scene that a hoary-headed hawk, far aloft in the dazzling blue sky, gazed at for at least twenty minutes, ever and anon giving vent to a shrill shriek of astonishment or remonance. In that twenty minutes the D. M. (who is a trifle stout) ran rather more than three miles, and he has since told me that he never ran so fast before and never wants to run so fast again. I accepted the truth of his statement at once; and I am morally sure that when I next go out shoot-

* Devout Mohammedans. The high rates of postage between India and England make brevity in our correspondent's letters imperative.

† Bunia. The Bunias are a peculiar Hindoo caste who have the greatest horror of taking animal life. They will not even kill snakes or fleas! They believe in a second existence, and that the souls of the dead pass into the bodies of animals. They very naturally hold the English sportsman in abhorrence.



SKETCHES IN INDIA BY OUR SPORTING COMMISSIONER.—FISHING IN GUZERAT.

ing and wound a buck, he will not venture to say, "It will fall soon."

Well, we got the buck at last, though I had to make a long detour and head it. I did not care to put another bullet into it, for my Reilly express shoots hard and makes a terrible wound. I hold venison to be more juicy and nutritious when not mutilated. My first shot I found had just scraped the buck's back over the shoulder, missing the backbone by the eighth of an inch, and making a big gash that spoilt the skin. My second had hit it in the stomach.

Luckily the chase had brought us round again in the direction of the village; so, leaving the D. M. to take charge of the carcass until I sent a couple of coolies for it, I made my way to the spot where I had left the wounded buck. There I met my whaggree, and he pointed out the place where the animal lay. It was behind a bush in a cotton-field, and I had an easy stalk, and killed him as he rose when I was about eighty yards off.

After this I did not care to go after any more deer, though I may say without exaggeration that I could have killed a dozen had I wanted to, for in the course of the day I must have seen nearly 500. A deer killed is not wasted, even if you require none of it yourself. On your return to camp you will find plenty of hungry eyes regarding the victims of the day. Returning to my horse, I exchanged my rifle for my smoothbore, and went to a large artificial pond or tank about a mile off, where it was reported there were ducks. As I mounted the high bank made by the earth excavated from the pond a crowd of cullum (a large species of waterfowl) rose, and I had a long shot into the middle, and brought down a couple. Simultaneously with the discharge of the

gun a number of ducks flew up right under my feet, for I had by this time mounted the bank, and with my left barrel I bagged four. The rest, scared, followed the cullum in the direction of a river that runs about four miles from Suntriana. I therefore returned to my camp.

Yesterday I gave my gun and rifle a rest, and had a day's fishing in the river above mentioned. I may briefly say I saw capital sport, and with four small nets, each manipulated by two men, 358 fish and one crocodile were caught. The latter, a young one, was tenderly thrown into a dry well, as a happily conceived punishment for biting the heel of one of the men. Of the fish there were four different sorts, amongst which I recognised barbel and (I think) perch. The largest barbel weighed 14lb, and the other fish from 13lb downwards. I think the whole of Dhundooka must have had a sort of Greenwich Ministerial dinner in the evening.

My kit left for Burwalla (from which place I am writing) last night, and I followed this morning. In leaving the Dhundooka camp I did a foolish thing. I allowed myself to be beguiled into taking a "short cut." "Short cuts" in Gujerat may possibly have merited the name a thousand years ago; but in the interim between then and now a thousand accidents may have changed the track. A tree falls, and the short cut is led round that; a piece of land is broken up for cultivation, and the short cut must go round that also; and so, in the course of time, the road that was intended to lessen the journey in reality lengthens it, which always reminds me of the witty couplet in *Bombastes Furioso* :—

In short, so long as we your favour claim,
Short cut or long to India's all the same.

A single incident in the ride lightened the second half of my journey by exciting my hilarity. Just as I was passing a small bullock-cart, drawn by a single sleek and placid ox, and in which were seated two pious Mohammedans, the one portly and the other pinched, the neck-band, that kept the shaft and yoke on the bullock's neck, gave way, and the cart tilted up backwards. The consequence was that the fat man was deposited in the road, and in his downward flight his heel came in contact with the ampler part of his comrade's person, and shot him no little distance into the air. The boy who was driving the cart saved himself by striking an attitude not unlike a successful acrobat, when he triumphantly reaches and stands on the top of the pole. As for the bullock, it quietly stood where it was, and chewed the cud of seeming contentment. (Sketch No. 2.) I don't think I ever laughed, not to say shrieked, so much in all my life; and I almost frightened Mummy into doing something desperate by hoarse chuckles (which tickled his equine understanding), that were spasmodically jerked out at various intervals on the road to my camp.

LORD ALINGTON.

"GERARD STURT" has become such a household word among turfites, that it will be some time before we shall be able to "fall into" the more euphonious title which has been his reward for long years of excellent service rendered to the Conservative cause. Born and bred a sportsman, Lord Alington, on succeeding to his property, found himself equally at home across the "nastiest" of countries, or at pulling horses together across the flat. After leaving Danebury, he enrolled himself among the masters, or, as we might put it more appropriately, among the pupils of the renowned William of Woodyeates, whose name does not figure so prominently before the public



LORD ALINGTON.

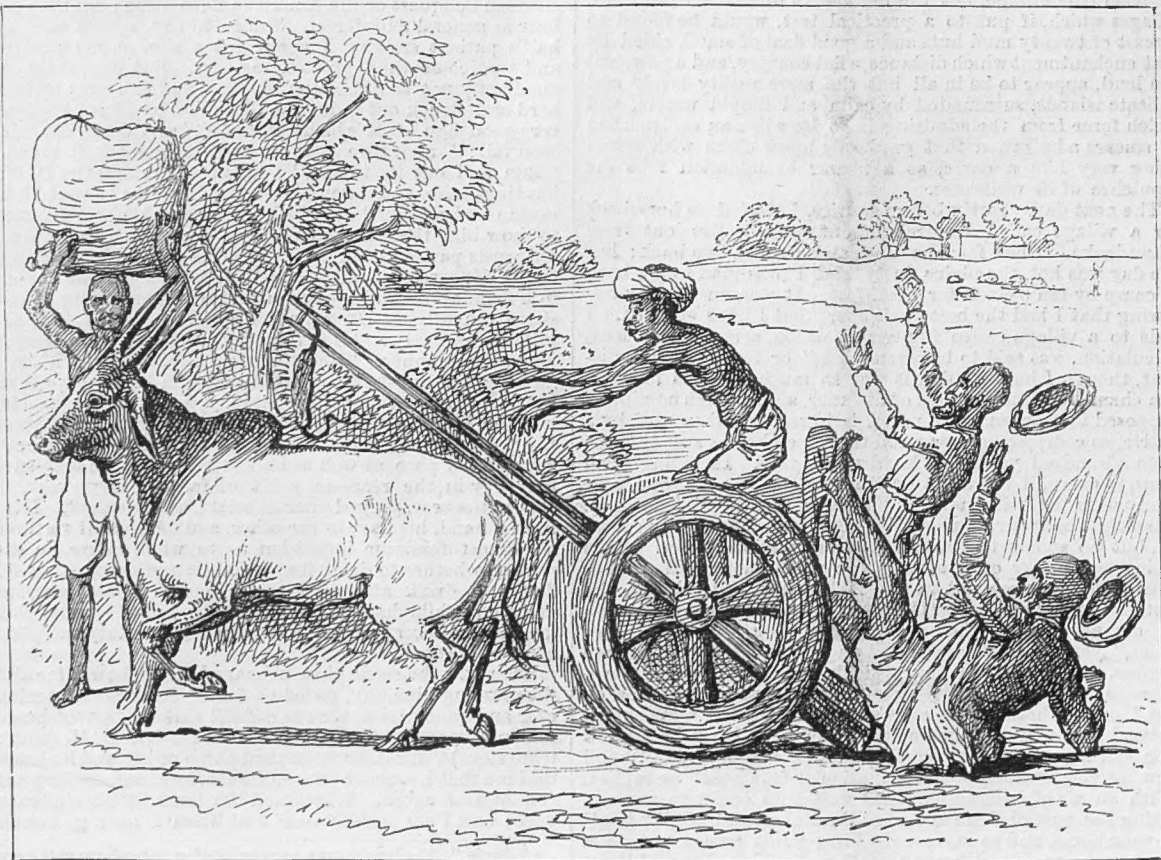
as in palmier days, when his handicap coups brought him into such marked notice. With three of these Lord Alington was intimately connected, though not by name, inasmuch as Elcho ran for and won the Goodwood Stakes in the name of his subsequent owner, Lord Coventry; while Out-and-Out secured the Goodwood Stewards' Cup, and the notorious Catch-'em-Alive the Cambridgeshire in the name and colours of "Our William." Lord Alington's slim figure, youthful bearing, and cheery greeting are well known upon every race-course of note in England; and as a member of the Jockey Club he has occasionally taken a leading part in the important questions of the day. In the House of Commons, when speaking upon the question of horse supply, he was not quite so happy either in the style of his oratory or his general allusions; but should any general movement in the direction of improving our breed of horses by means of national subscription be brought about, we feel sure that the name of the owner of Critchel will figure prominently among those anxious to forward the good work, while in an administrative capacity his sound, practical knowledge and experience will stand him in good stead.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN, attended by Captain the Hon. Charles Eliot, honoured Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil Ives and the officers of the Royal Horse Guards by his company at dinner on Saturday last at the Cavalry Barracks, Windsor.

FOXES IN KENT.—The fox tribe are unusually numerous this season in Kent. The coverts at Cudham, Knockholt, and Westerham abound with foxes, and, though drawn by the Surrey hounds, but few foxes have been killed.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—On the occasion of her Majesty's visit to the Royal Albert Hall, on Friday, Feb. 25, the usual regulations with regard to Court mourning (consequent on the decease of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia) will be dispensed with. The Duke of Edinburgh will receive the Queen, who will be accompanied by the Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice.

A PRIZE-FIGHT PREVENTED.—A day or two since the police authorities of Hampstead received information that about twenty men each of the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards respectively had arrived by the underground railway at the Swiss Cottage station, St. John's-wood, and were repairing to a field where a Coldstream and a Grenadier were to fight for a certain amount of stakes. Two bodies of constables, numbering ten each, were sent in the direction of West-end and Child's-hill; and at the Cock and Hoop, in the former locality, one party came up with the soldiers after the battle had been begun, but had been relinquished for a time, as the police were reported to be on the track of the party. Inspector Woodland, who eventually had nearly thirty men under him, spoke temperately to some of the Guardsmen, telling them it would be his duty to suppress any attempt of a breach of the peace. After waiting a considerable time the soldiers, perceiving there was no chance of the fight coming off, abandoned the idea of having it.



SKETCHES IN INDIA BY OUR SPORTING COMMISSIONER.—ACCIDENT ON THE ROAD TO BURWALLA.